



Jac. Thornhill Og. Sculp.

G. V. G. G. So.



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B U S I R I S,

King of E G Y P T.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

B Y

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By *E. T O U N G*, LL. B.

O triste plane acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipsâ Mortis
Tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio Juvenci,
jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; Quod Gaudium, quo
mœrore mutatum est? Plin. Epist.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*
over-against *Katharine-street* in the Strand.

M D C C X X I I.

BUSSIRIS

King of Egypt

A

TRAGEDY

As it was acted

at the Theatre Royal in Dublin

BY

JOHN HENRY

A. T. O. W. G. M. R.

Printed by J. H. G. M. R.

The Second Edition

Printed by J. H. G. M. R.

MDCCLXXII



To His GRACE the
Duke of NEWCASTLE,

Lord-Chamberlain of His MAJESTY'S
Houshold, &c.

MY LORD,



F a Dedication carries in
its Nature a Mark of our
Acknowledgment, and
Esteem, and is There
most due, where we are
most obliged, the late In-
stances I received of Your Grace's
undeserved and uncommon Favour in
an Affair of some Consequence (fo-
reign to the Theatre) has taken from

DEDICATION.

me the Privilege of *chusing* a Patron; especially for a Performance which, not only by its Kind, falls immediately under Your Grace's Authority, but which likewise by its good Fortune in a Season of some Danger to it, received from Your Grace's free Indulgence, its Life and Success on the Stage. Thus my Ambition concurs with my Duty, and it is my Happiness not to be able to gratifie the Impulse of the one, without obeying at the same time the Dictates of the other.

Addressees of This Nature, through a gross Abuse of Praise, have justly fallen under Ridicule. How pleasant is it, to hear One of Yesterday complimented on his Illustrious Ancestors? A Sordid Person, on his Magnificence? An Illiterate Pretender, on his Skill in Arts and Sciences? or a Wretch contracted with Self-love, on his diffusive Benevolence to Mankind? Yet from the frequency of such a shameful Prostitution of the Pen as this, one Advantage results;
it

DEDICATION.

it gives the Grace of Novelty, and Peculiarity to a Dedication, that shall Reclaim Panegyrick from its Guilt, and Rescue the late-mentioned sublime Distinctions of Character from Absurdity and Injustice, by applying them to a Duke of *Newcastle*. It is a kind of Compliment paid to Panegyrick it self, to use it on so just an Occasion.

It is Letters, my Lord, which distinguish one Age from another; each Period of Time shines or is cast in Shades, as They Flourish or Decline; and who knows not that the Fate of Letters is determin'd by the Kind or Cold Aspect of the Great? How happy then is the present Time, how fair an Assurance has it of being exempted from the Death of common Ages, when we see the politer Arts triumphing in the Care and Encouragement of One who has made an early and regular Acquaintance with them at their *own Home*, joyning to the amplest Fortune the Qualifications requisite (had it been wanting)

DEDICATION.

to Acquire and Deserve it. One who in the Flower of Youth, when the Imagination is warmest, and fit for such a Province, presides over the Labours of Genius and fine Taste, and has it in his Power to Rival those He is pleased to Patronise. One, in a Word, who, covetous of Learning, reaches beyond his own Nation for new Supplies of it; who, Zealous for Merit, pays Honours to its very Ashes; and whose being an Excellent Master in Polite Letters himself, is one of the smallest Proofs he has given of his ardent Love towards them.

But I cannot turn my Thought that Way, without being put in mind of the Imperfection of the following Scenes. I own they have many Faults, as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the Town, for the Countenance They have received: But I hope they have Merit enough to entitle them to some Share of Your Grace's Approbation, as well as Errors enough to make them stand

DEDICATION.

stand in Need of All Your Protection. The Continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

much obliged,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

Edward Young.



PROLOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

LONG have you seen the Greek and Roman Name,
Assisted by the Muse, renew their Fame:
While yet unsung those Heroes sleep, from whom
Greece form'd her Plato's, and her Cæsar's Rome.

Such, Egypt, were thy Sons! Divinely Great
In Arts, and Arms, in Wisdom, and in State.
Her early Monarchs gave such Glories Birth,
Their Ruins are the Wonders of the Earth.
Structures so Vast by those Great Kings design'd,
Are but faint Sketches of their boundless Mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's Scene, though long renown'd,
With the stern Tyrants of the Nile been crown'd.

The Tragic Muse in Grandeur shou'd excell,
Her Figure blazes, and her Numbers swell.
The proudest Monarch of the proudest Age,
From Egypt comes to tread the British Stage:
Old Homer's Heroes Moderns are to those
Whom this Night's Venerable Scenes disclose.

Here

PROLOGUE.

*Here Pomp and Splendor serve but to prepare;
To touch the Soul is our peculiar Care;
By just Distress soft Pity to impart,
And mend your Nature, while we move your Heart;
Nor wou'd these Scenes in empty Words abound,
Or overlay the Sentiment with Sound.
Words (when the Poet wou'd your Souls engage)
Are the meer Garnish of an idle Stage.
When Passion rages, Eloquence is mean;
Gestures and Looks best speak the Moving Scene.*

*Ye shining Fair! when tender Woes invite
To pleasing Anguish, and severe Delight,
By your Affliction you compute your Gain,
And rise in Pleasure, as you rise in Pain.
If then just Objects of Concern are shown,
And your Hearts heave with Sorrows not your own,
Let not the generous Impulse be withstood,
Strive not with Nature, blush not to be Good:
Sighs only from a Noble Temper rise,
And 'tis your Virtue swells into your Eyes.*



Drama--

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Busiris</i> , King of <i>Egypt</i> ,	<i>Mr. Elrington</i> .
<i>Myron</i> the Prince,	<i>Mr. Booth</i> .
<i>Nicanor</i> , Father to <i>Mandane</i> ,	<i>Mr. Mills</i> .
<i>Memnon</i> ,	<i>Mr. Wilks</i> .
<i>Rameses</i> ,	<i>Mr. Walker</i> .
<i>Syphoces</i> ,	<i>Mr. Thurmond</i> .
<i>Pheron</i> ,	<i>Mr. William</i> .
<i>Auletes</i> , a Courtier,	<i>Mr. W. Mills</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Myris</i> , Queen of <i>Egypt</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Thurmond</i> .
<i>Mandane</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Oldfield</i> .

SCENE MEMPHIS in
old *Egypt*.

BUSI-



B U S I R I S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *A Temple in Memphis.*

Enter Pheron and Syphoces.

S Y P H O C E S.



IF Glorious Structures, and Immortal
Deeds
Enlarge the Thought, and set our Souls
on Fire,
My Tongue has been too Cold in *Egypt's*
Praise,

The Queen of Nations, and the Boast of Times,
Mother of Science, and the House of Gods!
Scarce can I open wide my Labouring Mind
To comprehend the vast Idea, big
With Arts and Arms, so Boundless in their Fame.

Pher. Thrice happy Land! did not her dreadful King,
Far-fam'd *Busiris*, whom the World reveres,
Lay all his shining Wonders in Disgrace,
By Cruelty and Pride.

Syph.

Syph. By Pride indeed;
 He calls himself the *Proud*, and Glories in it.
 Nor would Exchange for *Jupiter's Almighty*.
 Have we not seen him shake his Silver Reins
 O'er Harnes'd Monarchs, to his Chariot yok'd?
 In sullen Majesty they stalk along,
 With Eyes of Indignation, and Despair,
 While He aloft displays his impious State,
 With half their rifled Kingdoms o'er his Brow,
 Blazing to Heaven in Diamond, and Gold.

Pher. Nor less the Tyrant's Cruelty, than Pride;
 His horrid Altars stream with Human Blood,
 And Piety is Murder in His Hand. [*A great Shout.*]

Syph. There rose the Voice of twice two hundred thousand,
 And broke the Clouds, and clear'd the Face of Day:
 The King, who from This Temple's airy Height,
 With Heart dilated that great Work surveys,
 Which shall proclaim What can be done by Man,
 Has struck his Purple Streamer, and descends.

Pher. Twice ten long Years have seen that haughty Pile,
 Which Nations with united Toil advance,
 Gain on the Skies, and labour up to Heaven.

Syph. The King----or prostrate fall, or disappear.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Busris attended.

Bus. This ancient City, *Memphis* the Renown'd,
 Almost Coæval with the Sun himself,
 And boasting Strength scarce sooner to decay,
 How wanton sits she amid Nature's Smiles,
 Nor from her highest Turret has to view,
 But Golden Landships, and Luxuriant Scenes,
 A Waste of Wealth, the Storehouse of the World!
 Here, fruitful Vales far stretching fly the Sight,
 There, Sails unnumber'd whiten all the Stream,

While

King of Egypt.

3

While from the Banks full twenty Thousand Cities
Survey their Pride, and see their gilded Towers
Float on the Waves, and break against the Shoar:
To crown the Whole, this rising Pyramid [*Shews the Plan.*
Lengthens in Air, and ends among the Stars,
While every other Object shrinks beneath
Its mighty Shade, and lessens to the View,
As Kings compar'd with me.

Enter Auletes, he falls prostrate.

Aul. O live for ever,

Busiris, first of Men!

Bus. *Auletes*, rise.

Aul. Ambassadors from various Climes arrive,
To view your Wonders, and to greet your Fame;
Each loaden with the Gifts his Country yields,
Of which the meanest rise to Gold, and Pearl:
The rich *Arabian* fills his ample Vase
With sacred Incense; *Ethiopia* sends
A thousand Coursers fleetier than the Wind;
And their black Riders darken all the Plain:
Camels and Elephants from other Realms,
Bending beneath a Weight of Luxury,
Bring the best Seasons of their various Years,
And leave their Monarchs poor.

Bus. What from the *Persian*?

Aul. He bends before your Throne, and far out-weighs
The rest in Tribute, and out-shines in State.

Bus. Away, he sees me not, I know his Purpose,
A Spy upon my Greatness, and no Friend:
Take his Ambassador, and shew him *Egypt*,
In *Memphis* shew him various Nations met,
As in a Sea, yet not confin'd in Space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious Streets,
Which send forth Millions at each Brazen Gate,

When

When-e'er the Trumpet calls; high over head
 On the broad Walls the Chariots bound along,
 And leave in Air a Thunder of my own:
Jove too has pour'd the *Nile* into my Hand,
 The Prince of Rivers, Ocean's eldest Son:
 Rich of my Self, I make the Fruitful Year,
 Nor ask precarious Plenty from the Sky----
 Throw all my Glories open to his View,
 Then tell him, in Return for Trifles offer'd,
 I give him *This*; and when a *Persian* Arm

[*Gives him a Bow.*]

Can Thus with Vigour its Reluctance bend,
 And to the Nerve its stubborn Force subdue;
 Then let his Master think of Arms----but bring
 More Men than yet e'er pour'd into the Field;
 Mean time, thank Heav'n, our Tide of Conquest drives
 A different way, and leaves him still a King:
 This to the *Persian*----I receive the rest,
 And give the World an Answer.

[*Ex. Busris.*]

Mandane, attended by Priests and her Virgins, is seen Sacrificing at a Distance.

A Hymn to Isis is sung, the Priests go out.

Mandane, attended by her Maids, advances.

Mand. My Morning Duty to the Gods is over,
 Yet still this Terror hangs upon my Soul,
 And saddens every Thought-----I still behold
 The dreadful Image, still the threar'ning Sword
 Points at my Breast, and glitters in mine Eye.----
 But 'twas a Dream, no more. My Virgins, leave me.
 And thou Great Ruler of the World be present!
 O kindly shine on this important Hour!
 This Hour determines all my Future Life,
 And gives it up to Misery, or Joy.

[*She advances.*
These

King of Egypt.

5

These lonely Walks, this deep, and solemn Gloom,
Where Noon-day Suns but glimmer to the View,
This House of Tears, and Mansion of the Dead,
For ever hides him from the hated Light,
And gives him Leave to groan.

Back Scene draws, and shews Memnon leaning on his Father's Tomb.

Was ever Scene

So mournful! If, my Lord, the Dead alone
Are all your Care, Life is no more a Blessing.
How cou'd you shun me for this dismal Shade,
And seek from Love a Refuge in Despair?

Mem. Why hast thou brought those Eyes to this sad
Place,

Where Darkness dwells, and Grief wou'd sigh secure,
In welcome Horrors, and beloved Night?

Thy Beauties drive the friendly Shades before them,
And Light up Day even here. Retire, my Love,
Each joyful Moment I wou'd share with thee,
My virtuous Maid, but I wou'd mourn alone.

Man. What have you found in me so mean, to hope
That while you sigh, my Soul can be at Peace?
Your Sorrows flow from your *Mandane's* Eyes.

Mem. Oh my *Mandane!* -----

Man. Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I Offended, or are you Unkind?
Ah me! A Sight as strange, as pitiful!
From his big Heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous Sorrow,
See the Tide working upward to his Eye,
And stealing from him in large silent Drops,
Without his Leave! ----- can those Tears flow in vain?

Mem. Why will you double my Distress, and make
My Grief my Crime, by discomposing you?-----
And yet I can't forbear! Alas! my Father!

That

That Name excuses all; what is not due
To that Great Name, which Life or Death can pay?

Mand. Speak on, and ease your labouring Breast, it swells,
And sinks again, and then it swells so high,
It looks as it wou'd break. I know 'tis big
With something you wou'd utter. Oft in vain
I have presum'd to ask your mournful Story;
But ever have been answer'd with a Frown.

Mem. Oh my *Mandane*! did my Tale concern
My self alone, it wou'd not lye conceal'd;
But 'tis wrapt up in Guilt, in Royal Guilt,
And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon it.
To tell my Tale, is to blow off the Ashes
From sleeping Embers, which will rise in Flames
At the least Breath, and spread Destruction round.
But thou art faithful, and my other self;
And oh! my Heart this Moment is so full,
It bursts with its Complaint; and I must speak,

Myris the present Queen, was only Sister
Of Great *Artaxes*, our late Royal Lord:
Busiris, who now Reigns, was first of Males
In Lineal Blood, to which this Crown descends.
(Not with long Circumstance to load my Story)
Ambitious *Myris* fir'd his daring Soul,
And turn'd his Sword against her Brother's Life:
Then mounting to the Tyrant's Bed and Throne,
Enjoy'd her Shame, and triumph'd in her Guilt.

Mand. So black a Story well might shun the Day.

Mem. *Artaxes*' Friends (a virtuous Multitude)
Were swept away by Banishment, or Death
In Throngs, and fated the devouring Grave.
My Father.-----Think, *Mandane*, on your own,
And pardon me!----- [Weeps.
The Tyrant took me, then of tender Years,
And rear'd me with his Son, (a Son since dead).
He vainly hop'd, by Shews of guilty Kindness,

To

King of Egypt.

7

To wear away the Blackness of his Crime,
And reconcile me to my Father's Fate;
Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my Vengeance,
To smoothe my Brow with Smiles, and curb my Tongue,
While the big Woe lies throbbing at my Heart.-----

Enter Pheron at a Distance.

Pher. So close! so loving! here I stand unseen,
And watch my Rival's Fate. *[Aside,*

Mem. But thou my Fair,
Thou art my Peace in Tumult, Life in Death,
Thou yet can'st make me blest.

Mand. As how, my Lord?

Mem. Ah, why wilt thou insult me?

Mand. Memnon.-----

Mem. Speak.

Mand. Nature forbids, and when I wou'd begin,
She stifles all my Spirits, and I faint:
My Heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.
Oh let me fly.-----

Mem. You pierce me to the Soul. *[Holding her,*

Mand. Oh! spare me for a Moment, till my Heart
Regains its wonted Force; and I will speak.-----

Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks thro' Restraints, and will not be refus'd.

[Pheron shews a great Concern.

Yet more the Prince, the young impetuous Prince,
Before his Father sent him forth to War,
And gave the *Mede* to his destructive Sword,
Has often taught his Tongue a filken Tale,
Descended from himself, and talk'd of Love.
Since last I saw thee, his licentious Passion
Has haunted all my Dreams.-----
This Day the Court shines forth in all its Lustre,
To welcome her returning Warrior home;
Alas the Malice of our Stars!

Mem.

Mem. To place it
 Beyond the Power of Fate to part our Loves ;
 Be this our Bridal Night, my Life!---- My Soul! [*Emb.*
Pher. Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd
 So long, to catch her in another's Arms!----
 Another's Arms for ever! Oh the Pang! ----
 Heart-piercing Sight!----but Rage shall take its Turn, ---
 It shall be so-----and let the Crime be His
 Who drives me to the black Extremity;
 I fear no farther Hell than that I feel. [*Exit.*

Mem. Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious Heart
 Is still in doubt if I may call thee Mine.
 Oh Bliss too great! Oh painful Ecstasie!
 I know not what to utter.

Mand. Ah my Lord!
 What means this Damp, that comes athwart my Joy.
 Chastising thus the Lightness of my Heart?-----
 I have a Father, and a Father too
 Tender as Nature ever fram'd,-----His Will
 Should be consulted,-----Should I touch his Peace,
 I should be wretched in my *Memnon's* Arms.

Mem. Talk not of Wretchedness.

Mand. Alas! this Day
 First gave me Birth, and (which is strange to tell)
 The Fates e'er since, as watching its Return,
 Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
 With something Great, Extremes of Good or Ill.

Mem. Why should we bode Misfortune to our Loves?
 No, I receive thee from the Gods, in lieu
 Of all that Happiness they ravish'd from me;
 Fame, Freedom, Father, All return in thee.
 Had not the Gods *Mandane* to bestow,
 They never would have pour'd such Vengeance on me;
 They meant me thee, and could not be severe.
 Soon as Night's favourable Shades descend,
 The Holy Priest shall joyn our Hands for ever,

And

And Life shall prove but one long Bridal-Day.
Till then, in Scenes of Pleasure lose thy Grief,
Or strike the Lute, or smile among the Flowers,
They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for Thee. ---
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender Side,
By weighty Reasons, and important Calls,
Nay even by Love it self --- I quit Thee now,
But to deserve thee more. [*They embrace.*

Mand. Your Friends are here. [*Exit Mand.*

Mem. Excellent Creature! how my Soul pants for thee? --
But other Passions now begin their Claim,
Doubt, and Disdain, and Sorrow, and Revenge,
With mingling Tumult tear up All my Breast:
Oh how unlike the Softnesses of Love!

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Hail, worthy *Memnon*.

Mem. Welcome, my *Syphoces*.

And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding Heart,
A Heart that bleeds for other's Miseries,
Bravely regardless of its own, tho' great,
That first of Characters.

Syph. And there's a second,
Not far behind, to rescue the Distress'd,
Or Dye.

Mem. Yes dye; and visit those brave Men,
Who, from the first of Time, have bath'd their Hands
In Tyrant's Blood, and grasp'd their honest Swords
As Part of their own Being, when the Cause,
The publick Cause demanded. Oh my Friend!
How long shall *Egypt* groan in Chains? how long
Shall her Sons fall in Heaps without a Foe?
No War, Plague, Famine, Nothing but *Busiris*,
His People's Father! and the State's Defence!
Yet but a Remnant of the Land survives.

Syph.

Syph. What Havock have I seen? have we not known
 A Multitude become a Morning's Prey,
 When troubled Rest, or a Debauch has sown'd
 The Monster's Temper? then 'tis instant Death;
 Then fall the Brave and Good, like ripen'd Corn
 Before the sweeping Scythe, not the poor Mercy
 To Starve, and Pine at Leisure in their Chains. ----
 But what fresh Hope, that we receive your Summons
 To meet you here this Morning?

Mem. Know, *Syphoces*,

'Twas on this Day my Warlike Father's Blood,
 So often lavish'd in his Country's Cause,
 And greatly sold for Conquest, and Renown;
 'Twas on this execrable Day it flow'd
 On his own Pavement, in a peaceful Hour,
 Smoak'd in the Dust, and wash'd a Ruffian's Feet.
 This guilty Day returning, rouses all
 My smother'd Rage, and blows it to a Flame.
 Where are our other Friends?

Syph. At Hand. *Ramefes*,

Last Night when gentle Rest o'er Nature spread
 Her still Command, and Care alone was waking,
 Like a dumb, lonely, discontented Ghost,
 Enter'd my Chamber, and approach'd my Bed;
 With Bursts of Passion, and a Peal of Groans
 He recollects his Godlike Brother's Fate,
 The drunken Banquet, and the midnight Murder,
 And urges Vengeance on the guilty Prince.
 Such was the Fellness of his boiling Rage,
 Methought the Night grew darker as he Frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the Prince most deadly Hate;
 But this will enter deeper in his Soul, [*Shews a Letter.*
 And rouse up Passions, which till now have slept:
 Murder will look like Innocence to This.

Syph. How, *Memnon*?

Mem. This reminds me of thy Fate;

The

King of Egypt.

11

The Queen has courted thee with proffer'd Realms,
And fought by Threats to bend thee to her Will;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless Hopes, and dies upon thy Name.

Syph. Oh fatal Love! which stung by Jealousie,
Expell'd a Life far dearer than my own
By cursed Poyson----Ah Divine *Apame*!
And cou'd the Murdrefs hope she shou'd inherit
This Heart, and fill thy Place within these Arms?-----
But Grief shall yield-----Revenge, I'm wholly thine.

Mem. The Tyrant too is wanton in his Age,
He shews that all his Thoughts are not in Blood;
Love claims its share; he envies poor *Rameses*
The Softness of his Bed; and thinks *Amelia*
A Mistress worthy of a Monarch's Arms.

Syph. But see, *Rameses* comes, a fullen Gloom
Scowls on his Brow, and marks him through the Dusk.

Enter Rameses, Pheron, and other Conspirators.

Mem. To what, my Friends, shall *Memnon* bid you
Welcome?

To Tombs, and melancholy Scenes of Death?
I have no costly Banquets, such as spread
Prince *Myron*'s Table, when your Brother fell. [To *Ram.*
I have no gilded Roof, no gay Apartment,
Such as the Queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphaces*.
Yet be not discontent, my valiant Friends,
Bufris reigns, and 'tis not out of Season
To look on ought may mind us of our Fate:
His Sword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*
Thinks the Day lost that is not mark'd with Blood.

Ram. And have we felt a Tyrant twenty Years,
Felt him, as the raw Wound the burning Steel,
And are we murmuring out our Midnight Curses,
Drying our Tears in Corners, and Complaining?

Our

Our Hands are forfeited. Gods! Strike them off.
 No Hands we need to fasten our own Chains,
 Our Masters will do that; and we want Souls
 To raise them to an Use more worthy Men.

Mem. Ruffles your Temper at Offences past!
 Here then, to sting thee into Madness.

[*Gives the Letter.* Ramefes reads.

Ram. Oh!

Syph. See how the struggling Passions shake his Frame!

Ram. My Bosom Joy, that crowns my happy Bed
 With tender Pledges of our mutual Love,
 Far dearer than my Soul! and shall my Wife,
 The Mother of my little Innocents,
 Be taken from us! Torn from me! from mine!
 Who live but on her Sight! and shall I hear
 Her Cries for Succour, and not rush upon him?
 My Infant hanging at the Neck upbraids me,
 And struggles with his little Arms to save her.-----
 These Veins have still some generous Blood in store,
 The Dregs of those rich Streams his Wars have drain'd;
 I'll give't in Dowry with her.

Pher. Well resolv'd:

A tardy Vengeance shares the Tyrant's Guilt.

Ram. Let me embrace thee, *Pheron*, Thou art brave,
 And dost disdain the Coldness of Delay.
 Curse on the Man that calls *Ramefes* Friend,
 And keeps his Temper at a Tale like this;
 When Rage and Rancor are the proper Virtues,
 And Loss of Reason is the Mark of Men.

Mem. Thus I've determin'd; when the Midnight Hour
 Lulls this proud City, and her Monarch dreams
 Of humbled Foes, or his new Mistress' Love,
 Then we will rush at once, let loose the Terrors
 Of Rage pent in, and struggling twenty Years
 To find a Vent, and at one dreadful Blow
 Begin, and end the War.

A more Auspicious Juncture cou'd not happen.
The *Persian*, who for Years has join'd our Counsels,
Stir'd up the Love of Freedom, and in private
Long nurs'd the glorious Appetite with Gold,
This Morn with Transport snatch'd the wish'd Occasion
Of throwing his Resentment wide, and now
He Frowns in Arms, and gives th' Event to Fate.

Ram. This Hand shall drag the Tyrant from his Throne,
And stab the Royal Victim on This Altar.

[*Pointing to the Tomb.*]

Mem. Oh justly thought! Friends, cast your Eyes a-
round,

All that most Awful is, or Great in Nature,
This solemn Scene presents; the Gods are Here,
And Here our fam'd Forefathers sacred Tombs;
Who never brook'd a Tyrant in this Land.
Let us not Act beneath the Grand Assembly!
The slighted Altars tremble, and these Tombs
Send forth a Peal of Groans to urge us on.
Come then, surround my Father's Monument,
And call his Shade to Witness to your Vows.

Ram. Nor his alone. Oh all ye mighty Dead!
Illustrious Shades! Who nightly stalk around
The Tyrant's Couch, and shake his guilty Soul:
Whether already you converse with Gods,
Or stray below in melancholy Glooms,
From Earth, from Air, from Heaven, and from Hell,
Come, I conjure you, by the Prisoner's Chain,
The Widow's Sighing, and the Orphan's Tears,
The Virgin's Sireeks, the Heroe's spouting Veins,
By Gods blasphem'd, and Free-born Men enslav'd.

Mem. Hear, *Jove*, and you most injur'd Heroes, hear,
While we o'er this thrice hallow'd Monument
Thus join our Hands, and kneeling to the Gods,
Fast bind our Souls to great Revenge!

All. We Swear----

Mem. This Night the Tyrant and his Minions bleed,
And Flames shall lay those Palaces in Dust,
Whose gilded Domes now glitter in the Sun.

Pher. So now, my Foe is taken in the Toil,
And I've a second Cast for this proud Maid-----
It is an Oath well spent, a Perjury

Of good Account in Vengeance, and in Love. [*Aside.*

Mem. We wrong the mighty Dead, if we permit
Our Eyes alone to count this grand Assembly:
A thousand unseen Heroes walk among us;
My Father rises from his Tomb, his Wounds
Bleed all afresh, and Consecrate the Day;
He waves his Arm, and chides our tardy Vengeance;
More than this World shall thank us. O my Friends!
Such our Condition, we have nought to lose,
And great may be our Gain, if this be great,
To crush a Tyrant, and preserve a State.
To still the Clamours of our Father's Blood,
To fix the Basis of the Publick Good,
To leave a Fame Eternal, then to soar,
Mix with the Gods, and bid the World adore.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

A Magnificent Throne discovered, and several Courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter Syphoces and Ramefes. Shouts at a Distance.

Ram. **W**Hat means this Dust, and Tumult in the Court,

These Streamers fooling in the Wind, these Shouts,
The Tyrant blazing in full Insolence,
And all his gawdy Courtiers basking round him,
Like poysonous Vermin in a Dog-day Sun?

Syph. Your Father and Prince *Myron* are arriv'd,
And with one Peal of Joy the Nation rings.

Ram. Long has my Father serv'd this Tyrant King,
With Zeal well worthy of a better Cause;
Though with his Helm he hides a hoary Brow,
Long vers'd in Death, the Father of the Field,
At the shrill Trumpet, he throws off the Weight
Of fourscore Years, and springs upon the Foe.
The Transport, Danger gives him, conquers Nature,
And a short Youth boils up within his Veins.

Syph. Behold, this way They pass to meet the King.

Myron and Nicanor pass the Stage with Attendants.

Ram. What Pity 'tis that one so lost in Guilt,
Should thus engage the Sight with manly Charms,
And make Vice lovely?

[*Looking on Myron.*
Syph.

Syph. Pardon me, *Rameses*:

Though to my Foe, I must be ever just.
 He's Generous, Grateful, Affable, and Brave:
 But then he knows no Limit to his Passion;
 The Tempest-beaten Bark is not so tofs'd,
 As is his Reason, when those Winds arise:
 And tho' he draws a fatal Sword in Battle,
 And kindles in the warm Pursuit of Fame,
 Pleasure subdues him quite, the sparkling Eye,
 And generous Bowl bear down his graver Mind,
 While fiery Spirits dance along his Veins,
 And keep a constant Revel in his Heart.

Ram. But hear, the Tyrant comes!-----with what Ex-
 Of idle Pride will he receive his Son? [cefs
 How with big Words will he swell out this Conquest,
 And into Grandeur puff his little Tales.

*Enter King, and ascends the Throne; on the other side,
 Enter Myron and Nicanor.*

King. Welcome my Son, great Partner of my Fame,
 I thank thee for th' Increase of my Dominions,
 That now more Mountains rise, more Rivers flow,
 And more Stars shine in my still growing Empire.
 The Sun himself surveys it not at once,
 But travels for the View, whilst far disjoin'd,
 My Subjects live unheard of by each other;
 These wrap'd in Shades, while those enjoy the Light;
 Their Day is various, but their King the same.

Myr. Here, Sir, your Thanks are due; to this old Arm,
 Whose Nerves not Threescore Winter Camps unbend,
 You owe your Victory, and I my Life.
 When my fierce Courser, with a Javelin stung,
 First rear'd in Air, then tearing with a Bound
 The trembling Earth, plung'd deep amidst the Foe;
 And now a Thousand Deaths from every Side,

Had

Had but one Mark, and on my Buckler rung;
Through the throng'd Legions like a Tempest rush'd
This Friend, o'er gasping Heroes, rolling Steeds,
And snatch'd me from my Fate.

Buf. I thank thee, General,
Thou hast a Heart that swells with Loyalty,
And throws off the Infection of these Times;
But thy degenerate Boy-----

Nic. No more my Son,
I cut him off, my Guilt, my Punishment.
Look not, dread Sir, on me through his Offence;
Oh let not that discolour all my Service,
And ruin those who blame him for his Crime!

Buf. Old Man, I will not wear the Crown in vain,
Subjects shall work my Will, or feel my Pow'r,
Their Disobedience shall not be my Guilt;
Who is their Welfare, Glory, and Defence?
The Land that yields them Food, and every Stream
That flakes their Thirst, the Air they breath is Mine.
And is Concurrence to their own Enjoyment,
By due Submission, a too great Return?
Death and Destruction are within my Call---
But Thou shalt flourish in thy Master's Smile.
A faithful Minister adorns my Crown,
And throws a brighter Glory round my Brow.

Nic. Take but one more, one small one to your Favour,
And then my Soul's at Peace---I have a Daughter,
An only Daughter, now an only Child,
Since her lost Brother's Folly; she deserves
The most a Father can for so much Goodness:
Her Mother's dead, and we are left alone,
We Two are the Whole House, nor are we Two,
In her I live, the Comfort of my Age;
And if the King extend his Grace so far,
And take that tender Blossom into shelter,
Then I have all my Monarch can bestow,

Or Heav'n it self, but This, that I may wear
My Life's poor Remnant out in your Command;
Stretch forth my Being to the last in Duty,
And, when the Fates shall summon, dye for you.

Busf. Nicanor, know, thy Daughter is our Care.

Myr. Oh, Sir, be greatly kind, exert your Power,
And with the Monarch furnish out the Friend!-----
Art thou not he, that Gallant-minded Chief [To Nic.
Who wou'd not stoop to give me less than Life?
And shall I prove ungrateful? Shocking Thought!
He that's ungrateful has no Guilt but one,
All other Crimes may pass for Virtues in him.

Nic. What Joy my Daughter's promis'd Welfare gives
me,

My Lips I need not open to discover----
Thus humbly let me thank you.

Busf. Dry thy Tears,
And follow us; thy Daughter's near our Queen,
And longs, no doubt, to see thee; bless the Maid,
And then attend us on Affairs of State.-----
I hear there's Treason near us; though the Slaves
Fall off from their Obedience, and deny
That I'm their Monarch, I'm *Busiris* still.
Collected in my self, I'll stand alone,
And hurl my Thunder, tho' I shake my Throne:
Like Death, a solitary King I'll reign,
O'er silent Subjects, and a desert Plain;
E'er brook their Pride; I'll spread a general Doom,
And every Step shall be from Tomb to Tomb. [Exit.

[*Myr. and Aul. who talk'd aside, advance.*

Myr. Her absent Beauties glow'd upon my Mind,
And sparkled in each Thought. She never left me----
Wou'dst thou believe it? In the Field of Battle,
In the mid Terror, and the flame of Fight,
Mandane, thou hast stol'n away my Soul,
And left my Fame in Danger-----My rais'd Arm

Has

King of Egypt.

19

Has hung in Air, forgetful to descend,
And for a moment spar'd the prostrate Foe -----
Oh that her Birth rose Equal to my own!
Then I might wed with Honour, and enjoy
A lawful Bliss----and why not now? Methinks
Absence has plac'd her in a fairer Light,
Enrich'd the Maid, and heighten'd every Charm:

Aul. She comes.

Myr. That modest Grace subdu'd my Soul,
That Chastity of Look, which seems to hang
A Veil of purest Light o'er all her Beauties,
And by forbidding, most enflames Desire.

Enter Mandane.

What tender Force! What Dignity Divine!
What Virtue consecrating every Feature!
Around that Neck, what Drops are Gold and Pearl!

Mandane! powerful Being! whose first Sight
Gives me a Transport not to be express'd;
And with one Moment over-pays a Year
Of Danger, Toil, and Death, and Absence from Thee.

Mand. My Lord, I fought my Father.

Myr. Leave me not,
I've much to say, much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the Gods, much more than I can utter.
My Breath is snatch'd, I tremble, I expire. [*Aside.*]
Nay, here I'll offer tender Violence----*Takes her Hand.*
May I not breath my Soul upon this Hand,
When your Eyes triumph, and insult my Pain?
Permit me here to take a small Revenge.

Mand. My Lord, I am not conscious of my Fault.

Myr. 'Tis false----I know the Language of those Eyes,
They use me ill---see my Heart beat, *Mandane*;
Believe not me, but tell your self my Passion----
Is it in Art to Counterfeit within?

To drive the Spirits, and inflame the Blood?
 Each Nerve is pierc'd with Lightning from your Eye,
 And every Pulse is in the Throbs of Love.

Mand. My Lord, my Duty calls, I must not stay.

Myr. Give me a Moment: I have that to speak
 Will burst me, if suppress'd---Oh heavenly Maid!
 Thy Charms are doubled; so is thy Disdain---
 Who is it? Tell me who enjoys thy Smile,
 There is a happy Man; I swear there is;
 I know it by your Coldness to your Friend---
 That Thought has fix'd a Scorpion on my Heart,
 That stings to Death---and is it possible
 You ever spoke of *Myron* in his Absence,
 Or cast, at leisure, a light Thought that way?

Mand. I thought of you, my Lord, and of my Father,
 And pray'd for your Success; nor must I now
 Neglect to give him Joy.

Myr. Yet stay, you shall not go---Ungrateful Woman!
 I would not wrong your Father; but by Heav'n,
 His Love is Hatred, if compar'd with mine.
 I understand whence this Unkindness flows;
 Your Heart resents some Licence of my Youth,
 When Love had touch'd my Brain. You may forgive me,
 Because I never shall forgive my self;
 But that You live; I'd rush upon my Sword.
 If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
 Not as a Lover only, but a Wretch
 Redeem'd from Baseness to the ways of Honour,
 And to my Passion join my Gratitude:
 Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise
 As well a better, as a happier Man,
 Indebted to your Virtue, and your Love.

Mand. I must not hear you.

Myr. Oh torment me not!

Hear me you must, and more---Your Father's Valour,
 In the late Battle, rescu'd me from Death:

And

And how shall I be Grateful! Thou'rt a Princess;---
Think not, *Mandane*, this a sudden start,
A flash of Love, that kindles and expires:
Long have I weigh'd it, since I parted hence
No Night has pass'd, but This has broke my Rest,
And mix'd with every Dream. My Fair, I wed Thee
In the maturest Counsel of my Soul.

Mand. Oh Gods! I tremble at the rising Storm;
Where can this end? [*Aside.*

Myr. And do you then despise me?

Mand. My Lord, I want the Courage to accept
What far transcends my Merit, and for ever
Must silently upbraid my little Worth.

Myr. Have I forsook my self, forgone my Temper
Headlong to all the gay Delights of Youth,
And fall'n in Love with Virtue most severe?
Turn'd superstitious to make Thee my Friend?
Gods! have I struggled thro' the powerful Reasons
That strongly combated my fond Resolves;
Was Wealth o'erlook'd, and Glory of no Weight,
My Parent's Crown forgot, and my own Conquests,
And all, to be refus'd? to sooth your Pride,
And make my Rival Sport?

Mand. With Patience hear me---- [*Kneels.*
Nor let my Trust in *Myron* prove my Ruin.

Myr. Distraction! Art thou marry'd?

Mand. Oh!

Myr. My Heart foretold it.----Ah my Soul! *Auleres.*
[*Swoons.*

Aul. Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw-----
[*Exit. Mand.*

Myr. I do not live.----I cannot bear the Light!
Where is *Mandane*? But I would not know.
She is not mine.---Yet tho' not mine in Love,
Revenge, my just Revenge may overtake her.
Oh how I hate her! let me know her Faults:

Did the proud Maid insult me in Distress?
 And smile to see me gasping? speak, *Auletes*.
 Did she not sigh? sure she might pity me,
 Though all her Love is now another's Right.

Aul. She sigh'd, and wept; but I remov'd her from
 you.

Myr. It was well done.----Yet I cou'd gaze for ever.
 And did she sigh? and did she drop a Tear?
 The Tears she shed for me are surely mine;
 And shall another dry them on those Cheeks,
 And make them an Excuse for greater Fondness?
 Shall I assist the Villain in his Joys?
 No, I will tear her from him.----

I'd grudge her Beauties to the Gods that gave them.

Aul. My Lord, have Temper.

Myr. And another's Passion,
 Warm on that Lip! another's burning Arms
 Strain'd round the lovely Waste, for which I dye,
 And she consenting, wooing, growing to him!
 What golden Scenes, when absent, did I feign?
 What lovely Pictures did I draw in Air?
 What Luxury of Thought! and see my Fate!
 Shall then my Slave enjoy her? and I languish
 In my triumphal Carr, my Foot on Purple,
 And o'er my Head a Canopy of Gold,
 Fate in my Nod, and Monarchs in my Train!
 What if I stab him? No.----She will not wed
 His Murtherer.-----I never form'd a Wish,
 But full Fruition taught me to forget it.
 And am I lessen'd by my late Success?
 And have I lost my Conquest? fly *Auletes*,
 And tell her.-----

Aul. What, my Lord?

Myr. No, bid her----

Aul. Speak.

Myr. I know not what.---My Heart is torn asunder.

Aul.

Aul. Retire, my Lord, and re-compose your self,
The Queen approaches.---- Ha! her Bosom swells,
[Exit Myron.]

Her pale Lip trembles, a disorder'd Haste
Is in her Steps; her Eyes shoot gloomy Fires.----
When *Myris* is in Anger, happy they
She calls her Friends.

Enter Queen.

Queen. *Auletes*, where's the King?

Aul. At Council, Madam.

Queen. Let him know I want him. [Exit *Auletes*.
Base! to forget to whom he owes a Crown!
Fool! to provoke her Rage whose Hand is red
In her own Brother's Blood!

Enter King and *Pheron*.

King. Horrid Conspiracy!

Pher. This Night was destin'd for the bloody Deed.

King. Mistaken Villains! if they wish my Death,
They should in Prudence lay their Weapons by,
So jealous are the Gods of *Egypt's* Glory,
I cannot dye whilst Slaves are arm'd against me.
Haste, *Pheron*, to the Dungeon, plunge them down
Far from the Hopes of Day, there let them lye
Banish'd this World, while yet alive, and groan
In Darkness and in Horror,----let double Chains
Consume the Flesh of *Memnon's* loaded Limbs,
Till Death shall knock them off---- A King's thy Friend;
Nay more, *Busiris*.---- Go, let that suffice.--- [Exit *Pher*.]

Queen. My Lord, your Thought's engag'd.

King. Affairs of State
Detain'd me from my Queen.

Queen. The World may wait:

I've

I've a Request, my Lord.

King. Oblige me with it.

Queen. Will you comply?

King. My Queen, my Pow'r is your's.

Queen. Your Queen?

King. My Queen.

Queen. Indeed, it shou'd be so.----

Then sign these Orders for *Amelia's* Death.----

He starts, turns pale, He's sinking into Earth.

Enough; be gone, and fling thee at her Feet;

Doat on my Slave, and sue to her for Mercy.

Go, pour forth all the Folly of thy Soul;

But bear in Mind, thou giv'st not of thy own,

Thou giv'st that Kindness which I bought with Blood,

Nor shall I lose Unmov'd.

King. I wish, my Queen,

This still had slept a Secret for thy Sake;

But since thy restless Jealousy of Soul

Has been so studious of its own Disquiet;

Support it, as you may.---- I own I've felt

Amelia's Charms, and think them worth my Love.

Queen. And dar'st thou bravely own it too? Oh Insult!

Forgetful Man! 'tis I then owe a Crown!

Thou had'st still grovell'd in the lower World,

And view'd a Throne at Distance; had not I

Told thee thou wast a Man, and (dreadful Thought!)

Thro' my own Brother cut thy Way to Empire:

But thou might'st well forget a Crown bestow'd,

That Gift was small. I listen'd to thy Sighs,

And rais'd thee to my Bed.

King. I thank you for it.

The Gifts you made me were not cast away;

I understand their Worth; Husband and King

Are Names of no mean Import, they rise high

Into Dominion, and are big with Power.----

Whate'er I was, I now am King of *Egypt*,

And *Myris'* Lord.

Queen.

Queen. I dream! art Thou *Busiris*?
Busiris, that has trembled at my Feet,
 And art thou now my *Jove* with clouded Brow,
 Dispensing Fate, and looking down on *Myris*?
 Do'st thou derive thy Spirit from thy Crimes?
 'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore do'st thou threaten,
 And roll thine Eye in Anger? Rather bend,
 And sue for Pardon.----- Oh detestable!
 Burn for a Stranger's Bed!-----

King. And what was mine,
 When *Myris* first vouchsaf'd to smile on me?

Queen. Distraction! Death! upbraided for my Love!--
 Thou art not only Criminal, but Base.
 Mine was a Godlike Guilt, Ambition in it,
 Its Foot in Hell, its Head above the Clouds;
 For know, I hated when I most caress'd:
 'Twas not *Busiris*, but the Crown that charm'd me,
 And sent its sparkling Glories to my Heart:
 But thou canst soil thy Diadem with Slaves.

King. *Syphoces* is a King then.

Queen. Ha!

King. Let fair *Amelia* know the King attends her.

[Exit.]

Queen. Go, Tyrant, go, and wisely by thy Shame,
 Prepare thy Way to Ruin. I'll o'ertake thee,
 Living or dead; if dead, my Ghost shall rise,
 Shriek in thy Ears, and stalk before thy Eyes:
 In Death I'll triumph o'er my Rival's Charms,
 And chill thy Blood, when clasp'd within her Arms;
 Alone to suffer is beneath the Great.
 Tyrant, thy Torments shall support my State.

[Exeunt.]





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The General's House.**Enter the King.*

King. **H**ERE dwells my stubborn Fair, I'll sooth her Pride,
 And lay an humbled Monarch at her Feet.
 But let her well consider if she's slow
 To welcome Bliss, and dead to Glory's Charms,
 Then my Repentment rises in Proportion
 To this high Grace extended to my Slave,
 And turns the Force of her own Charms against her:
 Monarchs may Court, but cannot be Deny'd.

Enter the Queen veiled.

Amelia, dry thy Tears, and lay aside
 That melancholy Veil.-----Ha, *Myris*!

Queen. *Myris*,
 A Name that should like Thunder strike thine Ear,
 And make thee tremble in this guilty Place:
 But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here,
 Not with mean Sighs, and deprecating Tears
 To humble me before thee, and increase
 The Number of thy Slaves, in hope to break
 Thy Resolution, and avert thy Crime;
 But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
 The Vengeance due to injur'd Heav'n, and me;
 And by this Warning double thy Offence:

Think

Think, think of Vengeance, 'tis the only Joy
Which thou hast left me; I'm no more thy Wife,
Nor Queen; but know, I am a Woman still.

Enter Auletes.

Aul. May all the Gods watch o'er your Life and Empire,
And render Omens vain! so fierce the Storm,
Old *Memphis* from her deep Foundations shakes,
And such unheard-of Prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the Boldest tremble: See the Moon
Robb'd of her Light, discolour'd, without Form,
Appears a bloody Sign, hung out by *Jove*
To speak Peace broken with the Sons of Men:
The *Nile*, as frightened, shrinks within its Banks,
And as this Hour I pass Great *Isis'* Temple,
A sudden Flood of Lightning rush'd upon it,
And laid the Shrine in Ashes.

King. Oh Mighty *Isis*!
Why all these Signs in Nature? why this Tumult
To tell me I am guilty? if my Crown
The Fates demand, why let them take it back.
My Crown indeed I may resign; but Oh!
Who can awake the Dead? ----
'Tis hence these Spectres shock my midnight Thoughts,
And Nature's Laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these Hurricanes in Air,
And shake the Earth's Foundations with my Guilt.
Oh *Myris*, give me back my Innocence!

Queen. I bought it with an Empire.

King. Cheaply sold!
Why didst thou urge my lifted Arm to strike
The pious King, when my own Heart recoil'd?
Queen. Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a
Woman,
You that are vain of your superior Reason,

And

And swell with the Prerogative of Man?
 If you succeed, our Counsel is of nought;
 You own it, not accepted, though enjoy'd;
 But steal the Glory, and deny the Favour;
 Yet if a fatal Consequence attend,
 Then we're the Authors, then your treacherous Praise
 Allows us Sense enough to be condemn'd.

King. 'Tis prudent to dissemble with her Fury,
 And wait a softer Season for my Love. [Aside.
 Bid *Ifis'* Priests attend their King's Devotions,
 I'll sooth with Sacrifice the angry Pow'rs;
 Swift to my Dungeons, bid their darksome Wombs
 Give up the numerous Captives of my Wars,
 Ten thousand Lives to Heav'n devoutly pour,
 Nor let the sacred Knife grow cool from Blood,
 Till seven-fold Nile infected with the Stain,
 In all his Streams flows Purple to the Main. [Exit.

Queen. Thin Artifice! I know the Sacrifice
 You most intend.----- But I will dash your Joys;
 Thou, Victim, and thy Goddess both shall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the Prince.

Queen. And is he still afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful Servant to relate it;
 He struggles manfully; but all in vain;
 Sometimes he calls his Musick to his Aid,
 He strives with Martial Strains to fire his Blood,
 And rouze his Soul to Battle.-----
 Then he relapses into Love again,
 Feeds the Disease, and doats upon his Ruin.

Queen. Why seeks he here the Cause of all his Sor-
 rows?

Aul. He seeks not here *Mandane*, but her Father;
 For Friendship is the Balm of all our Cares,
 Melts in the Wound, and softens ev'ry Fate.

[*Martial Musick.*

Enter

Enter Myron at a distance.

Queen. Heav'ns! what a Glory blazes from his Eye?
What Force! what Majesty in every Motion,
As at each Step he trod upon a Foe?

Myr. O that this Ardor wou'd for ever last!
It shall; nor will I curse my Being more;
Chain'd Kings, and conquer'd Kingdoms are before me;
I'll bend the Bow, and launch the whistling Spear,
Bound o'er the Mountains, plunge into the Stream,
Where thickest Fauchions gleam, and Helmets blaze,
Rush in, and find Amusement from my Pain.
I'll number my own Heart among my Foes,
And conquer it, or Dye.

[*Exit.*

Queen. The Thoughts of War
Will soon dislodge the Fair One from his Breast ----
But this has broken in on my Intent -----
I wou'd remind thee of my late Commands.

Aul. Madam, 'tis needless to remind your Slave:
At dead of Night I set the Prisoners free.

Queen. Yes, set the Prisoners free --- 'tis great Revenge,
Such as my Soul pants after ----- It becomes me.
Oh it will gall the Tyrant! Stab him home,
And if one Spark of Gratitude survives,
Soften *Syphoces* to my fond Desire.
The Tyrant's Torment is my only Joy,
Ye Gods! or let me Perish, or Destroy,
Or rather both; for what has Life to boast
When Vice is tasteless grown, and Virtue lost?
Glory and Wealth I call upon in vain,
Nor Wealth, nor Glory can appease my Pain;
My every Joy upbraids me with my Guilt,
And Triumphs tell me sacred Blood is spilt.

[*Exit Queen.*

Enter

Enter Myron.

Myr. The shining Images of War are fled,
The fainting Trumpets languish in mine Ear,
The Banners furl'd, and all the sprightly Blaze
Of burnish'd Armour, like the setting Sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my Thought:
No Battel, Siege, or Storm sustain my Soul
In wonted Grandeur, and fill out my Breast;
But Softness steals upon me, melting down
My rugged Heart in Languishment and Sighs,
And pours it out at my *Mandane's* Feet.-----
I see her even this Moment stand before me,
Too Fair for Sight, and fatal to behold,
I have her here, I clasp her in my Arms;
And in the Madness of excessive Love
Sigh out my Heart, and bleed with Tenderness.

Aul. My Lord, too much you cherish this Delusion;
She is another's.

Myr. Do not tell me so.
Say rather she is dead: Each heav'nly Charm
Turn'd into Horror! Oh the Pain of Pains,
Is when the Fair One, whom our Soul is fond of,
Gives Transport, and receives it from another!-----
How does my Soul burn up with strong Desire,
Now shrink into it self! Now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the Strings that tie me to her:
If I stay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going, Enter Nicanor.

Nic. My Prince, (and since such Honours you vouchsafe)
My Friend, I have presum'd upon your Favour;
This is my Daughter's Birth-day, and this Night
I dedicate to Joys, which ever languish,

If

If you refuse to crown them with your Presence.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other Thoughts.-----

Nic. I am still near you in the Day of Danger,
In toilsome Marches, and the bloody Field,
When Nations against Nations clash in Arms,
And half a People in one Groan expire;
Why am I, with your Helmet, thrown aside,
Cast off, and useless in the Hour of Peace?

Myr. Since then you press it, I must be your Guest.---
Methinks I labour as I onward move,
As under Cheque of some controuling Power. [*Aside.*
What can this mean? Wine may relieve my Thoughts,
And Mirth and Converse lift my Soul again. [*Exeunt.*

*The back Scene draws and shows a Banquet. Enter
Mandane richly dress'd.*

Mand. It was this Day that gave me Life, this Day
Shou'd give much more, shou'd give me *Memnon* too;
But I am Rival'd by his Chains, they clasp
The Heroe round, (a cold, unkind Embrace!)
And but an Earnest of far worse to come.
While he, my Soul, in Dungeon Darknes clos'd,
Breaths damp unwholsome Steams, and lives on Poison;
I am compell'd to suffer Ornaments,
To wear the Rainbow, and to blaze in Gems.
To put on all the shining Guilt of Dress,
When 'tis almost a Crime that I still live:
These Eyes, which can't dissemble, pouring forth
The dreadful Truth, are honest to my Heart.
These Robes, O *Memnon*! are *Mandane's* Chains,
And load, and gall, and wring her bleeding Heart.

[*Exit Mandane.*

Enter Myron, Nicanor, Auletes, &c. They take their Places.

Nic. Sound louder, sound, and waft my Wish to Heav'n.
Hear

Hear me, ye righteous Gods, and grant my Prayer,
 For ever shine propitious on my Daughter.
 Protect her, prosper her, and when I'm Dead,
 Still bless me in *Mandane's* Happiness-----

[*The Bowl goes round. Music.*]

Haste, call my Daughter; none can taste of Joy
 Till she, the Mistress of the Feast, is with us.

A Servant brings Nicanor a Letter, he reads it.

The King's Commands at any Hour are welcome.

Myr. Not leave us, General?

Nic. Ha! The King here writes me,
 The discontented Populace, that held
 O'er Midnight Bowls their desperate Cabals,
 Are now in bold Defiance to his Power.
 Amid the Terrors of this Stormy Night,
 Even now they Deluge all yon Western Vale,
 And form a War, impatient for the Day.
 The spreading Poyson too has caught his Troops,
 And the Revolting Soldiers stand in Arms
 Mix'd with Seditious Citizens.

Myr. Your Call is great.

Enter Mandane. Myron starts from his Seat in Disorder.

Mand. Oh *Memnon*! How shall I become a Banquet,
 Suppress my Sorrow, and comply with Joy?
 Severest Fate! Am I denied to grieve? [*Aside.*]

Nic. Be comforted, my Child, I'll soon return.
 Why dost thou make me blush? I feel my Tears
 Run trickling down my Cheek.

Myr. I must away:
 Her Smiles were dreadful, but her Tears are Death.
 I can no more: I sink beneath her Charms,
 And feel a deadly Sickness at my Heart. [*Aside to Auletes.*]
Nic.

Nic. Your Cheek is pale, I dare not let you part,
You are not well.----

Myr. A small Indisposition,
I soon shall throw it from me: Farewell, General;
Conquest attend your Arms.

Nic. You shall not leave
Your Servant's Roof, 'tis an unwholsome Air,
And my Apartment wants a Guest.

Myr. Nicanor,
If Health returns, I shall not press my Couch,
And hear of distant Conquests; but o'ertake thee;
And add new Terrors to the Front of War.

Nic. Mean time, You are a Guardian to my Child,
Let her not miss a Father in my Absence,
She's all my Soul holds dear.

Both. Farewell. Farewell.

[Embrace.

[Nicanor waits on Myron off the Stage, and returns.

Nic. My Child, I feel a Tenderness at Heart
I never felt before; come near, Mandane,
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the Father.----
Thy dying Mother with her Clay-cold Hand
Press'd mine, then turning on thee her faint Eye,
Let fall a Tear of Fondness, and expir'd.----
I cannot love thee well enough, her Grace
Softens thy Cheek, and lives within thine Eye,
Let me embrace you Both.---- My Heart o'erflows.----
If I shou'd fall.---- Thy Mother's Monument.----
But I shall kill thy Tenderness.---- No more,
Nay, do not weep, I shall return again,
And with my dearest Child sit down in Peace,
And long enjoy her Goodness.

Mand. If the Gods
Regard your Daughter's fervent Vows, you will.

Nic. Farewell my only Care, my Soul is with thee,
Regard your self, and you remember me.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Myron and Auletes.

Myr. No Place can give me Ease, my restless Thought,
Like working Billows in a troubled Sea,
Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where? Ha! where indeed!
But let me pause, and ask my self again
If I am well awake.---- Impetuous Blifs!----
My Heart leaps up, my mounting Spirits blaze;
My Soul is in a Tempest of Delight!

Aul. My Lord, you tremble, and your Eyes betray
Strange Tumults in your Breast.

Myr. What Hour of Night?

Aul. My Lord, the Night's far spent.

Myr. The Gates are barr'd,
And all the Household is compos'd to Rest?

Aul. All: And the great *Nicanor's* own Apartment,
Proud to receive a Royal Guest, expects you.

Myr. Perdition on thy Soul for naming him.

Nicanor! Oh I never shall sleep more!

Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold Thoughts!

Broke loose from Reason, how did they run mad!

And now they are come home, all arm'd with Stings,

And pierce my bleeding Heart.---

I beg the Gods to disappoint my Crime,

Yet almost wish them deaf to my Desire;

I long, repent; repent, and long again,

And every Moment differs from the last.

I must no longer parley with Destruction.

Auletes, seize me, force me to my Chamber,

There chain me down, and guard me from my self,

Hell rises in each Thought, 'tis time to fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Magdane and Ramefes.

Ram. I hope your Fears have given a false Alarm.

Mand. You've

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Mand. You've heard my frequent Visions of the Night,
You know my Father's Absence, *Myron's* Passion;
Just now I met him, at my Sight he started.
Then with such ardent Eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such Malignity of Love,
Sending his Soul out to me in a Look
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retired.

Ram. No more; my Friends (which, as I have inform'd
The Queen to gall the Tyrant has set free) [you,
Are lodg'd within your Call, the appointed Signal,
If Danger threatens, brings them to your Rescue.

Mand. Where are they?

Ram. In the Hall beneath your Chamber.
Memnon alone is wanting; He's providing
For your Escape before the Morning Dawn:
The rest in Vizors, fearing to be known,
Have ventur'd thro' the Streets for your Protection.

Mand. Auspicious Turn! then I again am happy.

Ram. Auspicious Turn indeed! and what completes
The Happiness, the base Man that betray'd us,
This Arm laid low: I watch'd him from the King,
I took him warm, while he with lifted Brow
Confess'd high Thought, and triumph'd in his Mein,
I thank'd him with my Dagger in his Heart.

'Tis late, refresh your self with Sleep, *Mandane*.

[*Exit Mandane.*

So, 'tis resolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt
So black a Crime, it justifies the Blow;
He dyes, and my poor Brother's Ghost shall smile.
'This Way he bends his Steps, I hate his Sight,
And shall, till Death has made it lovely to me.

[*Exit.*

Enter Myron and Auletes.

Myr. Oh how this Passion like a Whirlpool drives me,
With giddy, rapid Motion round and round,

I

I know not where, and draws in all my Soul!
 I reason much; but Reason about her,
 And where she is, all Reason dyes before her;
 And Arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.---
 So black the Night, as if no Star e'er shone
 In all the wide Expanse, the Light'ning's Flash
 But shews the Darknefs, and the bursting Clouds
 With Peals of Thunder seem to rock the Land:
 Not Beasts of Prey dare now from Shelter roam,
 But howl in Dens, and make the Forrest groan.
 What then am I? a Monster yet more fell,
 Than haunts the Wilds?---I am, and threaten more:
 My Breast is darker than this dreadful Night,
 And feels a fiercer Tempest rage within.---
 I must---I will---this leads me to her Chamber---
 Did not the Raven croak? [Starting.

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By Heaven, methinks Earth trembles under me.---
 Awake, ye Furies, you are wanting to me,
 O finish me in Ill, O take me whole;
 Or Gods confirm me good, without Allay,
 Nor leave me thus at Variance with my self;
 Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side.---
 The old Man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
 Confided in me, gave her to my Care,
 Nor long since sav'd my Life----and doubt I still?
 I'm guilty of the Fact, here let me lye,
 And rather groan for ever in the Dust
 And float the Marble Pavement with my Tears,
 Than rise into a Monster. [Flings himself down.

Mandane passing at a Distance, speaks to a Servant.

Mand. Well observe me,
 Before the rising Sun my Lord arrives,
 To seal our Vows the Holy Priest is with him;

Watch

Watch to receive them at the Western Gate,
And privately conduct them to my Chamber. [Exit.

Myr. starting up.] Oh Torment! Racks! and Flames!
then she expects him!

With open Arms! Am I cast out for ever,
For ever must despair, unless I snatch
The present Moment? She is all prepar'd,
Her Wishes waking, and her Heart on Fire!
That pow'rful Thought sweeps Heav'n and Hell before it,
And lays all open to the Prince of Egypt;
Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
And sling Fear, Anguish, and Remorse behind him.
I see her midnight Dress, her flowing Hair,
Her slacken'd Bosom, her relenting Mien;
All the forbidding Forms of Day flung off
For yielding Softness----Oh I'm all Confusion!
I shiver in each Joint!----Ah! she was made
To justify the blackest Crimes, and gild
Ruin and Death with her destructive Charms.

Aul. You'll force her then.

Myr. Thou Villain but to think it.
No, I'll solicit her with all my Pow'r,
Conquest and Crowns shall sparkle in her Sight.
If she consent, thy Prince is blest'd indeed,
Takes Wing, and Tow'rs above Mortality:
If she resist, I put an End to Pain,
And lay my breathless Body at her Feet.

*Mandane passing at a distance to her Chamber, Myron
meets her.*

Mand. Is this well done, my Lord?

Myr. Condemn me not
Before you hear me; let this Posture tell you,
I'm not so Guilty as perhaps your Fears,
Your commendable, modest Fears suspect:

C

Nay,

Nay, do not go, you know not what you do;
 I wou'd receive a Favour, not constrain it;
 Return, or good *Nitanor*, best of Fathers,
 Shall charge you with the Murder of his Friend.

Mand. And dare you then pronounce that sacred Name,
 And yet persist! Were you his mortal Foe
 What cou'd your Malice more?

Myr. Oh Fair *Mandane*!

I know my Fault, I know your Virtue too,
 But such the Violence of my Disorder,
 That I dare tempt even you: Methinks that Guilt
 Has something lovely which proclaims your Power-----
 But touch me with your Hand, I dye with Bliss.
 Why swells your Eye? By Heav'n I'd rather see
 All Nature mourn, than you let fall a Tear.
 I own I'm mad, but I am mad of Love:
 You can't condemn me more, than I my self,
 In that we are agreed, agree in all.
 Condemn, but pity me; resent, but yield;
 For oh, I burn, I rave, I dye with Love!

Mand. Oh Sir!-----

Myr. Nay, do not weep so, it will kill me;
 This Moment, while I speak, my Eyes are darken'd,
 I cannot see thee, and my trembling Limbs
 Refuse to bear their Weight; all left of Life
 Is that I Love; if Love was in our Power,
 The fault were mine; since not, you must comply.
 How God-like to bestow more heav'nly Joys
 Than you can think, and I support, and live?

Mand. Oh, how can you abuse your sacred Reason,
 That Particle of Heav'n, that Soul of *Jove*,
 To varnish o'er and paint so black a Crime!
 Oh Prince!----

Myr. What says *Mandane*?

Mand. Sir, Observe me,
 My bursting Sighs, and ever streaming Tears;

Your

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Your noble Nature has with Pity seen;
But wou'd they not work deeper in your Soul,
Were you convinc'd my Sorrows flow for you;
For you, my Lord, they flow, for I am safe,
(I know you are surpriz'd) they flow for you.
Myron, my Father's Friend, my Prince, my Guest—
Myron, my Guardian God, attempts my Peace,
And need I further Reason for these Tears?
Nature affords no Object of Concern
So great, as to behold a generous Mind,
Driven by a sudden Gust, and dash'd on Guilt—
'Tis base, you ought not; 'tis impracticable;
You cannot----Make Necessity your Choice;
Nor let one Moment of defeated Guilt,
Of fruitless Baseness, overthrow the Glory
Your whole Illustrious Life has dearly bought
In toilsome Marches, and in Fields of Blood.

Enter Auletes and Servants.

Aul. My Lord, your Life's beset; the Room beneath
Is throng'd with Ruffians, which but wait the Signal
To rush, and sheath their Daggers in your Heart.

Myr. Betray'd! curst Sorcerers, it was a Plot
Concerted by them all to take my Life,
And this the Bait to tempt me to the Foil.
She dies----

Aul. No, first Enjoy, then Murther her---
Trust to my Conduct, and you still are safe.
They all are Mask'd, I have my Vizor too,
But Time is short; for once confide in me.
You, Sir, for Safety, fly to your Apartment;

[To the Prince.]

You bear *Mandane* to her Closet----You [To Servants.]
Speed to the Southern Gate, and burst it open.

[As the Servants seize *Mandane*, she gives the Signal.
She is born off.]

Enter Rameſes and Conſpirators Mask'd.

Ram. The Villain fled? Perdition intercept him!
Diſperſe, fly ſeveral ways, let each Man bear
A ſteady Point well levell'd at his Heart;
If he eſcapes us now, Succeſs attend him,
May he for ever Triumph!

*As they paſs the Stage in Confuſion, Auletes enters
Mask'd among them.*

Aul. Ha! Why halt you!
Purſue, purſue, e'en now I ſaw the Monster,
The Villain *Myron*, with theſe Eyes I ſaw him
Bearing his Prize ſwift to the Western Gate:
There, there it burſt, *[A Noiſe without.*

All. Away, purſue.

Aul. 'Tis done, *[Withdraw.*
Advance the Maſſey Bar, and all is ſafe;
Stand here, and with your Lives defend the Paſs.

Enter Myron.

Myr. I ſhall at leaſt have time for Vengeance on her,
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their Swords are pointed at my Life! 'Tis well!
But I will give them an Excuse for Murder,
Such, ſuch a Cauſe----- Off Love, and ſoft Compaſſion;
Harden each Sinew of my Heart to Steel.
I'll do, what done will ſhock my ſelf, and thoſe
Whom Time ſets fartheſt from this dreadful Hour.

Enter Mandane forc'd in by Auletes.

Mand. By all the Pow'rs that can revenge a Falſhood,
I'm innocent from any Thoughts of Blood.

Myr.

Myr. Why then your Champions here in Arms? 'Tis false.

Mand. Ah let my Life suffice you for the Wrong
You Charge upon me! Oh my Royal Master!
My Safety from all Ill! My great Defender!
Or did my Father but insult my Tears,
And give me to your Care to suffer Wrong;
Kill me, but not your Friend, but not my Father;
He loves us both, and my severe Distress
Will scarce more deeply Wound him than your Guilt.

[Myron walks passionately at a distance.]

Myr. Slaves, are you sworn against me? Stop her Voice,

And bear her to my Chamber.

Mand. Oh Sir! Oh Myron!

Behold my Tears----here I will fix for ever----
I'll clasp your Feet----and grow into the Earth----
Oh cut me, hew me,----give to every Limb
A separate Death----but spare my spotless Virtue,----
But spare my Fame----You wound to distant Ages----
And thro' all Time my Memory will bleed.

Myr. Distraction! all the Pains of Hell are on me!

[As Servants force in Mandane,

Mand. Oh Memnon!----Oh my Lord!---my Life!-----
where art Thou? *[She is born off.]*

[Myron expresses sudden Passion and Surprise, stands awhile fixed in Astonishment, then speaks.]

Myr. As many Accidents concur to work
My Passions up to this unheard-of Crime,
As if the Gods design'd it---be it then
Their Fault, not Mine---*Memnon!* said she not *Memnon?*
My Heart began to stagger, but 'tis over---
Heav'n blast me if I thought it possible
I could be still more curst---That hated Dog
Her Lord, her Life!----I thank her for my Cure
Of all Remorse, and Pity; This has left me

Without a Check, and thrown the loosen'd Reins
On my wild Passion to run headlong on;
And in her Ruin quench a double Fire,
The blended Rage of Vengeance and of Love.

Destruction full of Transport! lo I come
Swift on the Wing, to meet my certain Doom:
I know the Danger, and I know the Shame;
But like our Phoenix, in so rich a Flame
I plunge Triumphant my devoted Head,
And doat on Death in that Luxurious Bed.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Myron in the utmost Disorder, bare-headed; without Light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.

Myr. **H**enceforth let no Man trust the first false Step
 Of Guilt, it hangs upon a Precipice,
 Whose steep Descent in last Perdition ends!
 How far am I plung'd down beyond all Thought
 Which I this Evening fram'd!--But be it so,
 Consummate Horror! Guilt beyond a Name!
 Dare not, my Soul, repent; in thee Repentance
 Were second Guilt, and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n,
 By hoping Mercy. Ah! my Pain will cease
 When Gods want Pow'r to punish.----Ha! the Dawn----
 Rise never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,
 Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene,
 And hide me from Nicanor, and my self.

Enter Auletes.

Who's there?

Aul. My Lord?

Myr. Auletes?

Aul. Guard your Life;

The House is rous'd, the Servants all alarm'd,
 The gliding Tapers dart from Room to Room;
 Solemn Confusion, and a trembling Haste
 Mixt with pale Horror, glares on ev'ry Face:
 The strengthened Foe has rush'd upon your Guard,
 And cut their Passage thro' them to the Gate,

Implacable *Rameses* leads them on,
Breathing Revenge, and panting for your Blood.

Myr. Why, let them come, let in the raging Torrent,
I wish the World wou'd rise in Arms against me,
For I must dye, and I would dye in State.

The Doors are burst open, Servants pass the Stage in Tumult. Rameses, &c. pursues Myron's Guards over the Stage, then Rameses and Syphoces enter meeting.

Ram. Where's the Prince?

Syph. The Monster stands at Bay,
We can no more than shut him from Escape
Till further Force arrive.

Ram. Oh my *Syphoces*!

Syph. This is a Grief, but not for Words.
Does she still live?

Ram. She lives---but oh how blest
Are they which are no more! by Stealth I saw her,
Cast on the Ground in Mourning Weeds she lies,
Her torn and loosen'd Tresses shade her round,
Thro' which her Face, all pale as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly Moon; too great her Grief
For Words or Tears! but ever and anon
After a dreadful, still, insidious Calm,
Collecting all her Breath, long, long suppress'd,
She Sobs her Soul out in a lengthned Groan,
So sad, it breaks the Heart of all that hear,
And sends her Maids in Agonies away.

Syph. Oh Tale, too mournful to be thought on!

Ram. Hold---

No, let her Virgins weep, forbear *Syphoces*,
Tear out an Eye, but damp not our Revenge,
Dispatch your Letters; I'll go comfort her.

[*A Servant speaks aside to Rameses. Exit Syphoces.*
And has she then commanded none approach her?

I'm

King of Egypt.

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I'm sorry for it, but I cannot blame her,
Such is the dreadful Ill, that it converts
All offer'd Cure into a new Disease,
It shuns our Love, and Comfort gives her Pain.

Re-enter Syphoces.

Syph. Your Father is return'd; redundant Nile,
Broke from its Channel, overflows the Pass,
And sends him back to wait the Water's Fall.

Ram. And is he then return'd? ---I tremble for him.---
I see his white Head rolling in the Dust:
But haste, it is our Duty to receive him. [Exit.]

Enter Myron.

Myr. I feel a Pain of which I am not worthy,
A Pain, an Anguish, which the honest Man
Alone deserves.---Is it not wond'rous strange,
That I who stabb'd the very Heart of Nature,
Should have surviving, ought of Man about me?
And yet, I know not how, of Gratitude
And Friendship still the stubborn Sparks survive,
And poor Nicanor's Torments pierce my Soul.
Confusion! he's return'd. [Starting.]

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. My Prince---

[Advancing to embrace.]

Myr. My Friend---

[Turning aside and hiding his Face.]

Nic. I interrupt you.

Myr. I had thee there.

[Smiling his Breast.]

Before thou cam'st, my Thoughts were bent upon thee.

Nic. Oh Sir, you are too kind!

Myr. Death! Tortures! Hell!

[Aside.]
Nic.

Nic. What says my Prince?

Myr. A sudden Pain,

To which I'm subject, struck a-cross my Heart:

'Tis past, I'm well again.

Nic. Heav'n guard your Health.

Myr. Do'st Thou then wish it?

Nic. Am I then distrust'd?

Then when I sav'd your Life, I did the least
I e'er wou'd do to serve you.

Myr. Barbarous Man!----

Nic. What have I done, my Prince, which way offended?
Has not my Life, my Soul, been yours?

Myr. Oh!-----Oh!-----

Nic. By Heav'n I'm wrong'd, speak, and I'll clear my
self. [Takes him by the Hand.

Myr. I'm Poyson and Destruction, curse thy Gods,
I'll kill thee in Compassion.----Oh my Brain!

Away, away, away. [Shoves him from him, going.

Nic. Do, kill me, Prince,----

You shall not go, I do demand the Cause,
Which has put forth thy Hand against thy Father!
For thus provok'd, I'll do my self the Justice,
To tell thee, Youth, that I deserve that Name,
Nor have thy Parents lov'd thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them, they are on me. --- Loose thy Hold,
Or I will plant my Dagger in thy Breast.

Nic. Your Dagger's needless! --- Oh ungrateful Boy!

Myr. Forgive me, Father, Oh my Soul bleeds for thee.

[Embrace.

As he is going out, Auletes meets him, and speaks to him aside,

What, no Escape? on every Side inclos'd!
Then I resolve to perish by his Hand,
'Tis just I shou'd, and meaner Death I scorn.
But how to work him to my Fate, to sting

His

King of Egypt.

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His Passion up so high, will be a Task,
To me severe, as difficult and strange.
Support me, cruel Heart, it must be done.

[*Aside.*

Nic. Now from my very Soul, I cannot tell
But 'tis Enchantment all, for Things so strange
Have happen'd, I might well distrust my Sense;
But if mine Eyes are true, I plainly read
A Heart in Anguish, and I must confess
Your Grief is just. ---- It was inhumane in you, ----
But tell the Cause, unravel from the Bottom
The Mystery that has embroyl'd our Loves,
(For still, my Prince, I love, since you repent.)
What Accident depriv'd me of my Friend,
And lost you to your self?

Myr. A Traytor's Sight,

Nic. Beneath my Roof?

Myr. Beneath thy very Helmet,
Thou art a Traytor. Guard thy self.

[*Draws.*

Nic. Distraction!

Traytor! ---- For standing by your Father's Throne;
And stemming the wild Stream that roars against it
Of Rebel Subjects, and of Foreign Foes?
For training thee to Glory and to War?
For taking thee from out thy Mother's Arms
A mortal Child, and kindling in thy Soul
The noble Ardors of a future God?
Farewell, I dare not trust my Temper more.

Myr. Grey-headed, venerable Traytor!

Enter Ramefes.

Ram. Ha!

Turn, turn, Blasphemer, and repress thy Taunts;
All Provocation's needfuls, but thy Sight.

[*He assaults the Prince, Nicanor hinders him.*

Nic. Forbear, my Son,

Ram.

Ram. Forbear?

Nic. If I am calm,
Your Rage should cease.

Ram. 'No, 'tis my own Revenge,
Unless, Sir, you disown me for your Son.

Nic. Thy Sword against thy Prince?

Ram. A Villain.

Nic. Hold.

Ram. The worst of Villains.

Nic. 'Tis too much.

Ram. Oh Father!----

Nic. What woud'st thou?

Ram. Sir, your Daughter----

Nic. Rightly thought;

She best can comfort me in all my Sorrow:

Call, call *Mandane*; to behold my Child.

Wou'd chear me in the Agonies of Death;

Call her, *Rameses*.---- Am I disobey'd?

Ram. Oh, Sir!----

Nic. What mean those Transports of Concern?

Ram. Though I'm an Outcast from your Love, I weep,
To open your black Scene of Misery.

Nic. Where will this end?----- Oh my foreboding
Heart!

Ram. Should he, to whom, as to a God, at parting,
You gave, with streaming Eyes, your Soul's Delight,
While yet your last Embrace was warm about him,
Gloomy and dreadful as this stormy Night,
Rush on your Child, your Comfort, your *Mandane*,
All sweet, and lovely as the blushing Morn,
Seize her by Force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
Prostrate in Anguish, tearing up the Earth,
Imploring, shrieking to the Gods and you. ----
Oh hold my Brain! ----> Look there, and think the
rest.

The back Scene opens. A darken'd Chamber, a Bed, and the Curtains drawn. Women pass out, weeping, &c. Nic-anor falls back on Ramefes.

Nic. Is't possible! --- My Child! --- My only Daughter! ---
The Growth of my own Life! That sweeten'd Age
And Pain! --- Oh Nature bleeds within me!

Mand. Weep not, my Virgins, cease your useless Tears,
Kindness is thrown away upon Despair,
And but provokes the Sorrow it wou'd ease.

Nic. Assist me forwards.

Mand. Most unwelcome News!
Is he return'd? The Gods support my Father.
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

Nic. There, there she pierc'd the very tender'st Nerve;
She pities me, dear Babe, she pities me:
Through all the raging Tortures of her Soul
She feels my Pain! But hold, my Heart, to thank her,
Then burst at once, and let the Pangs of Death
Put Myron from my Thought. [Goes to her.]

Mand. Severest Fate
Has done its worst. --- I've drawn my Father's Tears. ---

Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender Name;
Since I can't help thee, I wou'd fain forget
Thou art a Part of me --- it only sharpens
Those Pangs, which, if a Stranger, I should feel. ---
Oh spare me, my *Mandane*; to behold thee
In such Excess of Sorrow, quite destroys me,
And I shall dye, and leave thee Unreveng'd.

Mand. Oh, Sir, there are Misfortunes most severe,
Which yet can bear the Light, and well sustain'd
Adorn the Sufferer. --- But this Affliction
Has made Despair a Virtue, and demands
Utter Extinction, and eternal Night,
As Height of Happiness.

[Scene shuts on them.]
Enter

Enter Syphoces.

Ram. Oh my *Syphoces*!

Syph. And does this move you, does this melt you down,
And pour you out in Sorrow? then fly far,
E'er *Memnon* comes; he comes with flushing Cheek,
And beating Heart, to bear a Bride away,
And bless his Fate; how dreadfully deceiv'd!

Ram. The melancholy Scene at length begins.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Oh, give me Leave,
To yield to Nature, and indulge my Joy,
My Friend! My Brother! Oh the Ecstasie
That fires my Veins, and dances at my Heart!
You love me not, if you refuse to join
In all the just Extravagance, and Flight
Of boundless Transport on this happy Hour.
Where is my Soul, my Bliss, my lovely Bride!
Call, call her forth; Oh haste, the Priest expects us,
And every Moment is a Crime to Love.

Ram. Speak to him.---- Pr'ythee speak. [*To Syph.*

Syph. By Heav'n I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean?

Ram. *Syphoces.*

Syph. Nay, *Rameses.*

Mem. By all the Gods, they struggle with their Sorrows,
And swallow down their Tears to hide them from me.
By Friendship's sacred Name, I charge you, speak.

[*They look on him with the utmost Concern, and
go out on different Sides of the Stage.*

Was ever Man thus left to dreadful Thought,
And all the Horrors of a black Surmise!
What Woe is this too big to be express'd?

Oh

King of Egypt.

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Oh my sad Heart! Why bod'st thou so severely?
Mandane's Life's in Danger! There indeed;
Fortune, I fear thee still; her Beauties arm thee,
Her Virtues make thee dreadful to my Thought:
But for my Love how I cou'd laugh at Fate?

Enter a Servant, and gives him a Paper. He reads.

Enter Rameses, Memnon swoons and falls on Ram.

Ram. 'Twere happy if his Soul wou'd ne'er return;
The Gods may still be merciful in this.-----
His Lids begin to rise.---- How fares my Friend?

Mem. Did *Myron* feel my Pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Fainting beneath th' Oppression of her Grief,
This Way *Mandane* seeks the fresher Air:
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be seen,
And most of all by you.

Mem. By my own Heart,
I judge, and am convinc'd.----- I dare not see her,
The Sight wou'd strike me dead.

As Memnon is going, Mandane meets him; both start back, she shrieks. Memnon recovers himself and falls at her Knees, embracing them; she tries to disengage, he not permitting, she raises him, he takes her passionately in his Arms. They continue speechless and motionless some Time.

Ram. Was ever mournful Interview like This?
See how they writhe with Anguish! hear them groan!
See the large silent Dew run trickling down,
As from the weeping Marble; Passion choaks
Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair!

Mem. Oh my *Mandane*!

[*At this she violently breaks from him, and Exit.*
But one Moment more.

[*As Memnon is following, Rameses holds him.*
Ram.

Ram. Brother -----

Mem. Forgive me, ----

Ram. You're to blame, -----

Mem. Look there.

[*Pointing after her.*]

My Heart is bursting.

Ram. With Revenge.

Mem. And Love.

Ram. Revenge.

Mem. One dear Embrace, 'twill edge my Sword.

Syph. No, *Memnon*, if our Swords now want an Edge,
They'll want for ever; to this Spot I charm thee;
By the Dread Words, Revenge and Liberty!
This is the Crisis of our Fates, this Moment
The Guardian Gods of *Egypt* hover o'er us,
They watch to see us act like prudent Men,
And out of Ills extract our Happiness.
My Friends, these dire Calamities, like Poyson,
May have their wholesome Use! this sad Occasion,
If manag'd artfully, revives our Hopes;
It gives *Nicanor* to our sinking Faction,
And still the Tyrant shakes.

Ram. My Father comes;

Or snatch this Moment, or despair for ever:
While Passions glow, the Heart, like heated Steel,
Takes each Impression, and is work'd at Pleasure.

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. Why have the Gods chose out my weakest Hours,
To set their Terrors in array against me?
This wou'd beat down the Vigour of my Youth,
Much more grey Hairs, and Life worn down so low.
Vain Man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a Thread of Misery.
The longer Life the greater Choice of Evil;
The happiest Man is but a wretched Thing,

That

That steals poor Comfort from Comparifon;
What then am I? here will I fit me down,
Brood o'er my Cares, and think my felf to Death.
Draw near, *Ramefes*; I was rash e'er while,
And chid thee without Caufe.---- How many Years
Have I been cas'd in Steel?

Ram. Full Threescore Years

Have changed the Seasons o'er your crested Brow,
And feen your Fauchion dy'd in Hoftile Blood.

Nic. How many Triumphs fince this King has reign'd!

Ram. They number juft your Battels, one for one.

Nic. True, I have follow'd the rough Trade of War
With fome Succefs, and can without a Blush
Review the shaken Fort, and fanguine Plain.
I have thought Pain a Pleasure, Thirft and Toil
Bleft Objects of Ambition; I remember,
(Nor do my Foes forget that bloody Day:)
When the barb'd Arrow from my gaping Thigh
Was wrench'd with Labour, I difdain'd to groan,
Becaufe I fuffer'd for *Bufiris*' Sake.

Ram. The King is not to blame.

Nic. Is not the Prince his Son?

Ram. But in himfelf----

Nic. And has he loft his Guilt, [*Rifing in Paffion.*
'Caufe he has injur'd me? Erewhile thy Blood
Was kindled at his Name.---- Did'ft Thou not tell me
A shameful black Design on poor *Amelia*?
Oh *Memnon*! what a glorious Race is this,
To make the Gods a Party in our Caufe,
And draw down Bleffings on us!

Mem. He that fupports them
In fuch black Crimes. is Sharer of their Guilt.

Nic. Point out the Man, and with thefe wither'd Hands
I'd fly upon his Throat, tho' he were lodg'd
Within the Circle of *Bufiris*' Arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not when in his Power,
Supports

Supports them in their Course of flaming Guilt,
And You are He.

Nic. Thou rav'st.

Syph. The Army's yours.

I've sound'd every Chief; but wave your Finger,
Thousands fall off the Tyrant's Side, and leave him
Naked of Help, and open to Destruction.
But sweep his Minions, cut a Pander's Throat,
Or lop a Sycophant, the Work is done.

Nic. What wou'd you have me do?

[Starting.

Mem. Let not your Heart

Fly off from your own Thought, be truly Great,
Resent your Country's Suff'rings as your own.
A generous Soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads it self abroad o'er all the Publick,
And feels for every Member of the Land.
What have we seen for Twenty rolling Years,
But one long Tract of Blood! or, what is worse,
Throng'd Dungeons pouring forth perpetual Groans,
And free-born Men oppress'd! Shall half Mankind
Be doom'd to curse the Moment of their Birth?
Shall all the Mother's Fondness be employ'd
To rear them up to Bondage, give them Strength
To bear Afflictions, and support their Chains?

Syph. To you the valiant Youth most humbly bend,

[Kneeling.

And beg that Nature's Gifts, the vigorous Nerve,
And graceful Port design'd to bless the World,
And take your great Example in the Field,
May not be forc'd by Lewdness in high Place,
To other Toils, to labour for Disease,
To wither in a loath'd Embrace, and dye
At an inglorious Distance from the Foe.

Ram. To you *Amelia* lifts her Hands for Safety.

[Kneeling.

Mem. To you ---- To you ----

[Bursting into Tears.

Nic.

King of Egypt.

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Nic. By Heav'n he cannot speak. ---- I understand thee
Rise, --- Rise, --- my Son. Rise all; your Work is done;
They perish all, these Creatures of my Sword.
Have I not seen whole Armies vaulted o'er
With flying Javelins, which shut out the Day,
And fell in rattling Storms at my Command,
To slay, and bury proud *Busiris'* Foe?
He lives and reigns, for I have been his Friend;
But I'll Unmake him, and plough up the Ground,
Where his proud Palace stands. [Exit.

Mem. Oh my *Mandane*!

The Gods by dreadful Means bestow Success,
And in their Vengeance most severely bless:
From thy bright streaming Eyes our Triumphs flow;
The Tyrant falls, *Mandane* strikes the Blow.
So the fair Moon, when Seas swell high, and pour
A wasteful Deluge on the trembling Shore,
Inspires the Tumult from her clouded Throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant Ruin is her own. }



A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Field.

Enter Busiris and Auletes. An Alarm at Distance.

Bus. WELCOME the Voice of War! tho' loud the Sound,
It faintly speaks the Language of my Heart,
It Whispers what I mean. But say, *Auletes*,
What urge these forlorn Rebels in Excuse
For chusing Ruin?

Aul. Various their Complaints.

But some are loud, that while your heavy Hand
Presses whole Millions with incessant Toil,
(Toils fitter far for Beasts than human Creatures)
In building Wonders for the World to gaze at,
Weeds are their Food, their Cup the muddy Nile.

Bus. Do they not build for Me? Let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more Wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my Cement with their Blood.
Whose Pains and Art reform'd the puzzled Year,
Thus drawing down the Sun to human Use,
And making Him their Servant? Who push'd off
With Mountain Dams the broad redundant Nile
Descended from the Moon, and bid it wander
A Stranger Stream in unaccustom'd Shores!
Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns?
But Virtues are forgot!—Away—to Arms!
I'll call to Mind my glorious Ancestry,
Which for ten thousand rolling Years renown'd

Shines

Shines up into Eternity its self,
And ends among the Gods.

[*An Alarm.*]

Enter Memnon.

Aul. The Rebel braves us.

Bus. Hold, let our Weapons thirst one Moment longer;
And Death stand still, till he receives my Nod.—
Whom meet I in the midst of my own Realm,
With bold Defiance on his Brow?

Mem. The Slave,
Whom Dread *Busiris* lately laid in Chains,
An Emblem of his Country.

Bus. Is it thus
You thank my Royal Bounty?

Mem. Thus you thank'd
The good *Artaxes*, thus you thank'd my Father.

Bus. What I have done, conclude most right and just,
For I have done it, and the Gods alone
Shall ask me Why; 'Thou liv'st, altho' they fell;
And if they fell unjustly, greater Thanks
Are due from Thee, whom even Injustice spar'd.

Mem. Thy Kindnesses are Wrongs, they mean to sooth
My Injur'd Soul, and steal it from Revenge.

Bus. Turn back thine Eye, behold thy Troops are thin,
Thy Men are rarely sprinkled o'er the Field,
And yet thou carry'st Millions on thy Tongue.

Mem. All, thy Blood-thirsty Sword has laid in Dust
Are on my side, they come in bloody Swarms,
And throng my Banners; thy unequal'd Crimes
Have made Thee Weak, and rob my Victory.—

Bus. Ha!

Mem. Nay, stamp not, Tyrant; I can stamp as loud,
And raise as many Dæmons at the Sound.

Bus. I wear a Diadem.

Mem. And I Sword.

Bus. Yet, yet submit, I give thee Life.

Mem.

Mem. Secure your own:

No more, *Busiris*, bid the Sun farewell.

Bus. *Busiris*, and the Sun should Set together;
If this Day's angry Gods ordain my Fate,
Know thou, I fall like some some vast Pyramid,
I bury Thousands in my great Destruction,
And Thou the first.—Slave! in the Front of Battel,
There Thou shalt find me.

Mem. Thou shalt find me there,
And have well paid that Gratitude I owe.

[*Exeunt*]

A continued Alarm.

Enter Myron and Nicanor meeting.

Nic. Does not mine Eye strike Horror through thy
Soul,

And shake the Weapon from thy trembling Arm?
Base Boy! The Foulness of thy Guilt secures Thee
From my Reproach, I dare not name thy Crime.

Myr. Old Man, didst thou stand up in thy own Cause,
I then should be afraid of Fourscore Years,
And tremble at Grey Hairs; but since thy Frenzy
Has lent those venerable Locks to cast
A Gloss of Virtue on the blackest Crime,
Accurst Rebellion! This gives back my Heart,
With all its Rage, and I'm a Man again.

Nic. Come on, and use that Force in Arms, I taught
thee;

I'll now resume the Life I gave so late.

Myr. I grieve thou hast but half a Life to lose,
And dost defraud my Vengeance——At my Touch
Thou moulderst into Dust, and art Forgotten.

[*Preparing to fight, Myr. stops short.*]

Ah no! I cannot fight with Thee, begone
And shake elsewhere; Thou canst not want a Death

In such a Field, though I refuse it to thee.
Rameses, Memnon, give them to my Sword,
 Sustain'd by Thousands; but to fly from Thee,
 From Thee, most injur'd Man, shall be my Praise,
 And rise above the Conquest of my Foes.

Nic. 'Tis not old Age, th' avenging Gods pursue thee!
 [He retires before Nicanor off the Stage. A loud Alarm.

Enter *Busiris* and *Auletes* in Pursuit.

Bus. 'Tis well, I like this Madness of the Field:
 Let heighten'd Horrors, and a Waste of Death
 Inform the World *Busiris* is in Arms.
 But then I grudge the Glory of my Sword
 To Slaves, and Rebels, while they die by me,
 They cheat my Vengeance, and survive in Fame.

Aul. I panted after in the Paths of Death,
 And cou'd not but from far behold your Plume
 O'er-shadow slaughter'd Heaps, while your bright Helm
 Struck a distinguish'd Terror through the Field,
 The distant Legions trembling as it blaz'd.

Bus. Think not a Crown alone Lights up my Name,
 My Hand is deep in Fight. Forbid it *Isis*!
 That whilst *Busiris* treads the sanguine Field,
 The foremost Spirit of his Host shou'd Conquer
 But by Example, and beneath the Shade
 Of this high-brandish'd Arm. Did'st thou e'er fear?
 Sure 'tis an Art, I know not how to fear.
 'Tis one of the few things beyond my Power;
 And if Death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
 Thy Master is Immortal. ① *Auletes*——
 But while I speak, they live!
 Where fall the sounding Cataracts of *Nile*,
 The Mountains tremble, and the Waters boil;
 Like them I'll rush, like them my Fury pour,
 And give the future World one Wonder more.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Myron engaged with a Party; his Plume is smitten off. He drives the Foe, and returns.

Myr. When Death's so near, but dares not venture on us,
'Tis Heaven's Regard, a kind of Salutation,
Which to our selves our own Importance shows.——
Faint as I am, and almost sick of Blood,
There is one Cordial wou'd revive me still;
The sight of *Memnon*, place that Fiend before me.----[*Ex.*

Enter Memnon.

[*Sword!*

Mem. Where, where's the Prince? O give him to my
His tall white Plume, which like a high-wrought Foam
Floated on the tempestuous Stream of Fight,
Shew'd where he swept the Field; I follow'd swift,
But my Approach has turn'd him into Air;——

Enter Myron.

The Fight but now begins!

Myr. Why who art Thou?

Mem. Prince, I am——

Myr. *Memnon.*

[*Disdainfully.*

Mem. No,——I'm *Mandane*.

Myr. Ha!

Mem. She's here, she's here, she's all: Her Wrongs and
Virtues! [*Striking his Head and Breast.*

Virtues and Wrongs! Thou worse than Murderer!

Myr. I charge Thee name her not, forbear to Croak
With that Ill-omen'd Note.

Mem. *Mandane!*

Myr. Be it so.

When I reflect on her mean Love for Thee,
And Plot against my Life, my Pain is less.

Mem. 'Tis false; she meant, she knew it not; *Rameses,*

He,

King of Egypt.

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He, only he, was conscious of the Thought.

Myr. Then I'm a Wretch indeed!

Mem. As such I'll use Thee:

I'll crush Thee like some Poyson on the Earth,
Then haste and Cleanse me in the Blood of Men.

Myr. I thank Thee for this Spirit which exalts Thee
Into a Foe, I need not blush to meet.

Now from my Soul, it Joys me thou art found,
And found alive; by Heav'n, so much I hate Thee,
I fear'd that Thou wast Dead, and had'st escap'd me:
I'll drench my Sword in thy detested Blood,
Or soon make thee Immortal by my own.
Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane!

[*Myr. Falls.*

Myr. Just the Blow, and juster still,
Because imbitter'd to me by that Hand
I most detest; which gives my Soul an Earnest
Of vast unfathomable Woes to come,
That dreadful Dow'ry for my dreadful Love.
I leave the World my Misery's Example,
If us'd aright, no trivial Legacy.

[*Dies.*

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. My Lord, I bring you most unwelcome News,
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the Field,
In hope to see her Injuries Reveng'd;
Thoughtless of any Suff'rings, but the past,
A Party of the Foe, saw, seiz'd, and bore her off.

Mem. Vengeance, and Conquest now are trivial Things;
Love made their Prize! 'tis impious in my Soul
To entertain a Thought but of her Rescue.
Now, now, I plunge into the thickest War,

B

A

As some bold Diver from a Precipice
 Into mid Ocean, to regain a Gem,
 Whose Loss impoverish'd Kings, to bring it back,
 Or see the Day no more. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mandane Prisoner.

Mand. A generous Foe will hear his Captive speak;
 A Benefit thus kneeling I implore:
 Let one of all those Swords that glitter round me,
 Vouchsafe to hide its Point within my Breast.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Ah Villains! Cursed Atheists! Can you bear
 That Posture from that Form? What, what are Numbers,
 When I behold those Eyes? not mine the Glory,
 That singly thus I quell a Host of Foes.
 Inhuman Robbers! Oh bring back my Soul.

[They force her off, he rushes in upon them and is taken.]
 Poor Comfort to Mankind that they can lose
 Their Lives but once—But oh! a thousand times
 Be torn from what they Love.

Enter Ramefes.

Ram. Far have I waded in the bloody Field,
 Laborious through the stubborn Ranks of War,
 And trac'd thee in a Labyrinth of Death;
 But thus to find Thee!-----Better find Thee Dead!
 These Slaves will use Thee ill.

Mem. Of that no more;

Myron is Dead, and by this Arm.

Ram. I thank Thee.

All my few Spirits left exult with Joy,
 Ill Chace, and Scourge him through the lower World.

Mem. Alas thou bleed'st.

Ram. Curse on the Tyrant's Sword,
 I bleed to Death. But cou'd not leave the World

Without

King of Egypt.

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Without a last Embrace. Just now I met
The poor *Mandane*.

Mem. Quickly speak. What said she?

Ram. Nothing of Comfort. Cease to ask me farther—
If you meet more, your Meeting will be sad.—
Your Arm, I faint—Ah what is Human Life?
How like the Dyal's tardy moving Shade!
Day after Day slides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning Fugitive is swift by Stealth,
Too subtle is the Movement to be seen,
Yet soon the Hour is up—and we are gone.
Farewel, I pity Thee.

[Dies]

Mem. Farewel, brave Friend!

Wou'd I cou'd bear Thee Company to Rest,
But Life in all its Terrors stands before me,
And shuts the Gate of Peace against my Wishes.—
Do I not hear a Peal of distant Thunder?
And see, a sudden Darkness shuts the Day,
And quite blots out the Sun—but what to me
The Colour of the Sky? A Death-cold Dew
Hangs on my Brow, and all my slacken'd Joints
Are shook without a Cause—A Groan? From whence?
Again? And no one near me? Vain Delusion!
Yet not I fear in vain! some Ill is towards me,
More dreadful sure than all that's past. *Mandane*!
I hop'd she was at Peace, and past the reach
Of this ill News, but such my wayward Fate
I cannot ask a Curse, but 'tis deny'd me:
And cou'd I wish I ne'er should see her more?

Enter Mandane guarded.

Mand. This is my Brother; a short Privacy
Is a small Favour you may grant a Foe.

Guard. Let it be short, we may not wait your leisure.

Mem. 'Tis wondrous strange, there's something holds
me from her,

And keeps this Foot fast rooted to the Ground.

This is the last time I shall ever Pray.

To me, ye Gods, confine your threatned Vengeance,

And I will bless your Mercies while I suffer.

[*Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to the Front of the Stage.*]

Mand. What didst thou pray for?

Mem. For thy Peace.

Mand. 'Twas kind:

But oh! those Hands in Bonds deny the Blessing,

For which they earnestly were rais'd to Heav'n——

Mem. I fear so too; what we have yet to do

Must be soon done; this Meeting is our last.

How shall we use it?

Mand. How? Consult thy Chains,

And my Calamities.

Mem. Sad Counsellors,

And Cruel their Advice——Are there no other!

Mand. I look around——and find no glimpse of Hope,
A perfect Night of Horror, and Despair!

Mem. Of Horror and Despair, indeed, *Mandane!*

Canst thou believe me? Nay, can I believe

My Self? The last Thing that I wish'd for was——'tis false.

The Weight of my Misfortune hurts my Mind.

Mand. Was what?

Mem. I dare not think, to think is to look down

A Precipice Ten Thousand Fathom deep,

That turns my Brain——Oh! oh!

Mand. *Memnon*, no more:

That Silence, and those Tears need no Explaining;

And it is kind, with such severe Reluctance

To think upon my Death——though necessary.

Mem. Ah hold! You plant a thousand Daggers here.

Talk not of Dying.——I disown the Thought;

Right is not Right, and Reason is not Reason,

All is Distraction when I look on Thee.

Oh,

Oh all ye pitying Gods! dash out from Nature
Your Stars, your Sun, but let *Mandane* live.

Mand. No: Death long since was my confirm'd Re-

Mem. *Myron* is dead. [solve,

Mand. What Joy a Heart like mine
Can feel, it feels——had he been never born,
I might have liv'd——'tis now——impossible.

Mem. This even to my Miseries I owe,
That it discovers greater Virtues still,
In her my Soul adores——Oh, my *Mandane*!
Oh glorious Maid! then thou wilt be at Peace——

[*Memnon walks thoughtfully, then returns.*

Must I survive, and change thy Tenderness
For a stern Master, and perpetual Chains?
Long I may groan on Earth to fate their Malice,
Then through slow Torments struggle into Death,
No Steel to stab, no Wall to dash my Brain!

Mand. Ha! [Birth

Mem. Why thus fix'd in Thought? what mighty
Is labouring in your Soul? your Eyes speak Wonders.——

Mand. Will not the Blood-Hounds be content with
Life?——

Mem. Alas, *Mandane*! No; they study Nature
To find out all her secret Seats of Pain,
And carry Killing to a dreadful Art:
A simple Death in *Egypt* is for Friends.

Mand. Oh then it must be so!——and yet it cannot.——

Mem. What means this sudden Paleness?

Mand. Heav'n assist me!

[*Feeling in her Bosom, she swoons.*

Mem. My Love! *Mandane*! hear me, my Espous'd!
My dearest Heart! the Infant of my Bosom!
Whom I would foster with my vital Blood.

Mand. 'Tis well, and in Return I give thee——This
[*Shows a Dagger.*

Mem. Millions of Thanks, thou Refuge in Despair.

Mand. Terrible Kindness! Horrid Mercy! Oh!
I cannot give it thee.

Mem. Full well I know
Thy tender Soul, and I must force it from thee.

[*As he is struggling with her for the Dagger, she speaks.*]

Mand. My Lord! My Soul! My self! You tear my Heart.
Art thou not dearer to my Eyes than Light?
Do'st thou not circulate through all my Veins?
Mingle with Life, and form my very Soul!

Mem. Now, Monsters, I defy you: Fate forbids
A long Farewell, my Guard may interpose,
And make your Favour vain.----Thus, only thus. [*Embrace.*]
And now----

Mand. Ah no! Since last I saw thee, thrice I rais'd
[*Holds his Arm.*]

My trembling Arm, and thrice I let it fall.----

If you refuse Compassion to my Sex,

Memmon betrays me, and is *Myron's* Friend.----

As I a *Poynard*, you supply an Arm,

And I shall still be happy in your Love.

[*After a Pause of Astonishment,*
he sinks gently on the Earth.]

Mem. From dreadful, to more dreadful I am plung'd,

And find in deepest Anguish deeper still.

I can't complain in common with Mankind,----

But am a wretched Species all alone.

Must I not only lose thee, but be curst

To sprinkle my own Hands with thy Life-Blood?

Mand. It cannot be avoided.

Mem. Nor perform'd.

Lift up my Hand against thee as a Foe!

I, who shou'd save thee from thy very Father;

And teach thy dearest Friends to use thee well,

Make Kindness kind, and soften all their Smiles?

Oh my *Mandane*! Think how I have lov'd!

Oh my *Mandane*! Think upon thy Pow'r!

How

How often hast thou seen me pale with Joy,
And trembling at a Smile? and shall I——

Mand. Myron——

[*At that Memnon starts up suddenly.*]

Mem. Ah hold! I charge thee hold! One Glance that
Way

Awakes my Hell, and blows up all its Flames.——
The World turns round, my Heart is sick to Death!
Oh my Distraction! perfect Loss of Thought!

Mand. Why stand you like a Statue? are you dead?
What do you fold so fast within your Arms?
Why with fix'd Eye-balls do you pierce the Ground?
Why shift your Place, as if you trod on Fire?
Why gnaw your Lip, and groan so dreadfully?
My Lord, if I have spent whole live-long Nights
In Tears, and sigh'd away the Day in private,
Only oppress'd with an Excess of Love,
Oh turn, and speak to me!

Mem. And these, no doubt,
Are Arguments that I should draw thy Blood.——
No Child was ever lull'd upon the Breast
With half that Tendernefs has melted from thee,
And fell like Balm upon my wounded Soul.
And shall I murder thee? Yes thus----thus---thus.

[*Embracing some Time.*]

Mand. Alas! My Lord forgets we are to Dye.

[*Memnon gazes with Wonder on the Dagger.*]

Mem. By Heav'n I had, my Soul had took her Flight
In Bliss——why, is not this our Bridal-Day?

Mand. That Way Distraction lies.

Mem. Indeed it does.

Both. Oh! Oh!

Mand. Thy Sighs and Groans are sharper than thy Steel,
The Guard is on us.

Mem. Then it must be done.

Sun hide thy Face, and put the World in Mourning,
Though

Though Blood start out for Tears, 'tis done----but one,
One last Embrace.

[As he embraces her, she bursts into Tears.]

Let me not see a Tear.-----I cou'd as soon
Stab at the Face of Heaven, as kill thee weeping.

Mand. 'Tis past, I am compos'd.

Mem. And now, and now.

Mand. Be not so fearful, 'tis the second Blow
Will pain my Heart----indeed this will not hurt me.

Mem. Oh thou hast stung my Soul quite through and
through,

With those kind Words; I had just steel'd my Breast,

[Dashing down the Dagger.]

And thou undo'st it all-----I cou'd not bear
To raze thy Skin; to save the World from Ruin.

Mand. If you're a Woman, I'll be something more.----

[Stabs her self.]

I shall not taste of Heav'n till you arrive. *[Dies.]*

Mem. Struck home-----and in her Heart.----She's
dead already,

And now with me all Nature is expir'd-----

My lovely Bride; Now we again are happy,

[Stabs himself.]

And better Worlds prepare our Nuptial Bow'r-----

Now every splendid Object of Ambition,

Which lately with their various Glosses plaid

Upon my Brain, and fool'd my idle Heart,

Are taken from me by a little Mist,

And all the World is vanish'd.

[Dies.]

A March sounded. Enter Nicanor and Syphoces Victorious.

The Guard which were advancing to the Bodies fly.

Nic. The Day's our own, the Persian's angry Pow'rs

Have well repaid this Morning's Insolence,

And turn'd the desperate Fortune of the Field

By fire, tho' late Relief.

Syph.

Syph. Nicanor, Friend,
I from the City bring you welcome News:
My guilty Letter from the amorous Queen
I spread amongst the Multitude; while yet
Their Blood was warm with reading the black Scroll,
Myris to view the Fortune of the Fight,
Leaving her Palace for the Western Tow'r,
Was seiz'd, torn, scatter'd on the guilty Spot.
Where her great Brother fell.

Nic. The Gods are just.

Syph. See where *Bufiris* comes, your Royal Captive,
In his Misfortune great; an awful Ruin!
And dreadful to the Conqueror!

[*Nicanor advancing sees the Bodies.*

Nic. Sad Sight! —
A Sight, that teaches Triumph how to mourn,
And more than justifies these streaming Tears,
Even on the Moment that my Country's sav'd
From fore Oppression, and inglorious Chains.

[*He falls on his Attendants.*

A great Shout. Enter Bufiris Wounded.

Buf. Conquer'd? 'Tis false; I am your Master still;
Your Master, though in Bonds: You stand aghast
At your good Fate, and trembling can't enjoy.
Now from my Soul I hug these welcome Chains
Which shew you all *Bufiris*, and declare
Crowns and Success superfluous to my Fame. —
You think this streaming Blood will low'r my Thought;
No, ye mistaken Men, I smile at Death;
For living here, is living all alone,
To me a real Solitude, amid
A throng of little Beings, groveling round me;
Which yet usurp one common Shape and Name.
I thank these Wounds, these raging Pains, which promise
An.

An Interview with Equals soon elsewhere.

[He sees Memnon,

Ha! Dead? 'Tis well; he rose not to my Sword;
 I only wish'd his Fate, and there he lies.
 Some when they dye. dye all; their mould'ring Clay
 Is but an Emblem of their Memories:
 The Space quite closes up through which they pass'd.
 That I have liv'd I leave a Mark behind,
 Shall pluck the shining Age from vulgar Time,
 And give it whole to late Posterity.
 My Name is writ in mighty Characters,
 Triumphant Columns, and Eternal Domes,
 Whose Splendor heightens our *Egyptian* Day,
 Whose Strength shall laugh at Time, till their great Basis,
 Old Earth it self shall fail. In after-Ages,
 Who War or Build, shall Build or War from me,
 Grow great in each, as my Example fires;
 'Tis I of Art the future Wonders raise;
 I fight the future Battels of the World.——

Great *Jove*, I come! *Egypt*, thou art forsaken: [Sinks
Asia's Impoverish'd by my sinking Glories,
 And the World lessens, when *Busiris* falls. [Dies.

Syph. Bear the Dead Monarch to his Pyramid;
 And for what Use soe'er it was design'd,
 By that high-minded, but mistaken Man,
 There let him lye Magnificent in Death;
 Great was his Life, great be his Monument:
 And on *Busiris'* Nephew, young *Asfages*,
 Of gentler Spirit, let the Crown devolve.

From this Day's Vengeance let the Nations know,
Jove lays the Pride of haughtiest Monarchs low;
 And they who kindled with ambitious Fire,
 In Arts and Arms with most Success aspire,
 If void of Virtue, but provoke their Doom,
 Grasp at their Fate, and build themselves a Tomb.

EPI.



EPILOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

THE Race of Criticks, dull judicious Rogues,
To Mournful Plays deny Brisk Epilogues.
Each gentle Swain and tender Nymph, say they,
From a sad Tale should go in Tears away,
From hence quite home should Streams of Sorrow shed,
And drown'd in Grief steal supperless to Bed.

This Doctrine is so grave, the Sparks won't bear it;
They love to go in Humour to their Claret.
The Citty, who owns a little Fun worth buying,
Holds Half-a-Crown too much to pay for Crying.
Besides, who knows without these healing Arts,
But Love might turn your Heads, and break your Hearts;
And the poor Author, by imagin'd Woes,
Might people Bedlam with our Belles and Beaux?

Hence I, who lately bid Adieu to Pleasure,
Robb'd of my Spouse, and my dear Virgin Treasure;
I, whom you saw despairing breathe my last,
Am free and easy, as if nought had past;

Again

EPILOGUE.

Again put on my *Airs*, and play my *Fan*,
And fear no more that dreadful Creature, *Man*.
——But whence does this malicious *Mirth* begin?——
I know, ye *Beasts*, you reckon it no *Sin*.

'Tis strange that Crimes the same, in diff'rent Plays,
Should move our Horror, and our Laughter raise.
Love's Joy secure the Comick Actor tries,
But if he's wicked in Blank Verse, he Dyes.
The Farce, where Wives prove frail, still takes the best,
And the poor Cuckold is a standing Jest:
But our grave Bard, a virtuous Son of *Isis*,
Counts a bold Stroke in Love among the Vices,
In Blood and Wounds a guilty Land he dips ye,
And wastes an Empire for one ravish'd Gypsie.

What musty Morals fill an Oxford Head,
To Notions of pedantick Virtue bred!
There each stiff Don at Gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine Men and Ladies filthy Names;
They tell you Rakes and Filts corrupt a Nation:
——Such is the Prejudice of Education!

You, who know better Things, will sure approve
These Scenes, that show the boundless Power of Love.
Let, when they will, th' Italian Things appear,
This Play, we trust, shall throng an Audience here.
Bold Myron's Passion, up to Frenzy wrought,
Would ill be warbled through an Eunuch's Throat:
His Part, at least, his Part requires a Man;
Let Nicolini act it if he can.

F I N I S.